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WAS LENIN A FAILURE?—A DEBATE

I—LENIN, THE DESTROYER

PITIRIM SOROKIN

LENIN'S only service to mankind was that he made such a tragic mess of his own ideas that he discredited them forever, according to Professor Sorokin, who presents a scathing denunciation of the policies of the late dictator of Russia. He fastens upon Lenin blame for all the ills that have befallen his country since the Revolution, and sums him up as a pathological fanatic and an agent of destruction, with no new ideas and no message for humanity,—a half-mad leader of brutal rebels.

WE ESTIMATE a doctor, an engineer, an architect, a painter, not so much according to his subjective desire as according to the objective result of his activity. It is not enough to have a desire to cure an illness or to imagine a wonderful machine to be a good doctor or a skilful engineer. The same may be said of statesmen. Even a madman may have a profound desire to be the Saviour of mankind. Only when a statesman succeeds in the realization of his purposes and these prove to be useful to the masses,—economically, biologically, morally, and intellectually,—can it be said of him that he was great and good.

From this objective point of view it is quite easy to appreciate the figure of Lenin and the results of his life and activity. Did he produce any new scientific idea and theory? Anybody who knows his books and articles must answer this question negatively. Beginning with his first book: *The Development of Capitalism in Russia* and ending with his last books, *State and Revolution*, *The Renegade Kautsky*, *Imperialism as a Stage in the Development of Capitalism*, and with his articles and speeches,

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Lenin never presented a new theory, a new ideology, or a new idea. All his books, articles, and speeches were nothing but a dull, monotonous repetition of four or five ideas of Marx and two or three other authors. Philosophic and economic materialism; rude atheism; class struggle; dictatorship of the proletariat; blind belief in the revolutionary method of social reconstruction, in the usefulness of forcible nationalization or communisation of production; belief in compulsory equalization of economic standards; finally a naïve conviction that the spontaneous development of capitalism would lead to a socialistic paradise on the earth; that the hatred and bloody struggle but not the altruism, mutual aid, and cooperation of the individuals and classes are the real creative forces,—such were the principal ingredients in Lenin's ideology. Is this ideology original? No. Can his mentality be styled as a rich one? On the contrary it is very poor. It is the ideology of an intellectual beggar.

But was Lenin, perhaps, a successful practical actor who by his genius was able to put these ideas into practice and to improve in this way the biologic, economic, mental, and moral state of the people, especially of the labor classes? Again the objective results of Lenin's dictatorship give us quite a definite answer to this question.

The objective results of Lenin's activity were, briefly, as follows:[1]

Seventeen million men and women perished in the Revolution. Out of this "meat of the Revolution" about two million were the victims of the Civil War (from these about 500,000 were the victims of the red terror); the last fifteen million were the victims of starvation and diseases called forth by the Revolution. This loss means not only quantitative diminution but qualitative impoverishment, because the victims represented in average the best elements of the population.

All economic life in Russia was destroyed. Russian industries in 1918–21 were reduced to 10 or 15 per cent of their pre-revolutionary activity, and agriculture reduced to 20 or 25 per cent. Even now after the abandonment of the communistic system of 1921, Russian industries represent only 20 or 25 per cent, and agriculture 40 or 45 per cent of the pre-revolutionary period.

[1] All figures which I give are official Bolshevist figures.

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This means the utmost economic impoverishment of all classes. The average wage of a worker before the Revolution was about 22 gold roubles a month. During these years it fluctuated between 2 and 10 roubles. The average yearly income dropped from 87 roubles in 1916–17 to 36 roubles in 1921–23. Instead of 19,000 locomotives and 476,000 railroad cars in 1916, in 1922 Russia had only 7,000 locomotives and 195,000 cars.

In the sphere of finances, on January 1, 1917, Russia had a state fund of about two billion gold roubles and 9.27 billions in paper. On May 1, 1923, all the gold fund of Russia, as well as almost all private and church wealth had been spent by the Bolsheviki, whereas the quantity of paper-money had reached 6,076,000,000,000 roubles, which cost only about one hundred million gold roubles.

The terrible famine, unparalleled in the history of Russia (even the famine of 1601–3 was not so awful), starvation, disease, superhuman suffering, appalling mortality, great diminution in the birth rate and biological deterioration and destitution among the survivors, especially the younger generation,—such are the further results of this "successful activity."

But, alas! That is not all. Similar results can be observed in other spheres of the social life. In the sphere of morality we have had the unseen increase of criminality and licentiousness. Murders, thefts, bribery, profiteering, and other crimes increased by many fold. The criminality of the children in Petrograd in 1921 was seven times higher than before the revolution. The thefts on railways in 1921 were 150 times more than before the revolution, and so on.

Disintegration of the family, increase of divorces (from one divorce out of 500 marriages before the Revolution to one divorce out of eleven marriages in 1922), sexual licentiousness, venereal diseases, and so on,—all this is a further result of the activity of Lenin and his companions.

The destruction of the schools and a whole system of public instruction and education is another of the "benefits" of this "liberator" of humanity. Instead of 450 million gold roubles spent for public instruction and education in 1914, in 1922 there was spent only 36 million gold roubles for this purpose.

Side by side with quantitative destruction, the school system

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has been destroyed qualitatively. The best teachers and professors were executed, banished, imprisoned, and dismissed. Instead of them there were appointed the "red professors" and "red teachers" who have had no ability, no experience in education and teaching. If the population itself had not acted in the sphere of education in spite of the "brakes" put on by the communists for education and instruction outside of the communistic schools, Lenin and his band would surely have succeeded in the liquidation of literacy in Russia.

Finally, what has happened in the sphere of liberties and freedom? Nothing but a complete annihilation of all liberties of all classes of the Russian population excepting the communists themselves (372,000 out of 129 millions of the Russian population). The liberty of the press was and is completely annihilated. All newspapers, excepting the communistic papers and magazines, have been forbidden. Not only books and pamphlets, but even your visiting card you could not print without a special permission.

The liberty of unions, meetings, speeches, religious gatherings, was withdrawn also. Only the communists themselves have had these rights. Any guarantees of rights and belongings, any security of life disappeared. Any real election or attempt at self-government and autonomy, any realization of the principles of democracy were declared to be "bourgeois prejudices" and persecuted.

Let the readers not think that these limitations have been confined only to the aristocratic and capitalistic classes. They have been applied to the peasants and workers as well.

Instead of liberation, there was created an unlimited despotism, autocracy, and tyranny. But this is not all. The people were transformed into the slaves of the government. Up to 1922 they had no right to choose their occupation and profession, their lodgings, their food, their dress, to travel without the permission of the government, to read the books and newspapers which they wanted; briefly, instead of freedom there was created such a system of slavery as you can find only many, many centuries ago.

No capitalistic exploitation could be compared with the exploitation of the Russian workers and peasants by this small

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communistic group and by their allies, which has taken place during these years. Even now the Russian peasants are exploited, six or seven times as effective as during the czarist régime.

These results are evident to any man who has lived in Russia during these years and knows the real situation. Not even the Napoleonic invasion of Russia, nor all the wars, famines, epidemics, and misfortunes which Russia had experienced in twenty centuries were so destructive as six years of the dictatorial activity of Lenin and his followers.

History has its own irony. As the climax of this colossal failure we have Lenin's own rejection of his system and his theory,—the substitution for the communistic system of 1918–1920 of the "New Economic Policy" in 1921, which is simply the primitive capitalistic system carried on by the communists themselves. What does it mean, if not a complete bankruptcy of communism itself, if not an unmistakable *testimonium pauperitatis* of Lenin's activity!

Instead of communism now we have in Russia an unprecedented growth of individualism and the complete discrediting of communism and socialism. Instead of the annihilation of the instinct for ownership and private property we have now its reinforcement and triumph; instead of atheism, an unprecedented regeneration of religious feeling. Instead of the extirpation of nationalism as a result of the communistic propaganda of internationalism, we have an unprecedented spirit of nationalism and patriotism. These conditions are quite the opposite to what Lenin tried to achieve. I cannot imagine a more striking evidence of his failure.

For a man who knows that Lenin from the moment of his returning to Russia in 1917 was in the last stage of progressive paralysis, who knows that he was even then abnormal, that this abnormality at the end of 1921 was medically testified,—for such a man all Lenin's psychology and behavior is quite comprehensible on pathological grounds. Half-mad and ill, he was suited to be at the head of a government distinguished by wild destruction, unlimited bestiality, cruelty, and animosity. The generous phrases and catch-words with which he tried to "beautify" all the inferiority of his nature, his anti-sociability, mad-

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ness, and wild activity, are nothing but usual "veils" with which such individuals try to betray themselves as well as other people. Any serious psychologist, psychiatrist, or behaviorist knows this fact very well. Only an ignorant and naïve people on the one hand, and individuals of mad, anti-social, and inferior type (who are very numerous amongst the right and left extremists, radicals, and "super idealists") on the other, are deceived by these "gorgeous speech-reactions"; for them only Lenin is "the saviour of mankind," "the liberator of humanity," "the great reformer," "the new Jesus Christ," and so on. I have no desire to convince them because they need less to be convinced than cured.

Lenin's only positive service is that he himself discredited his own ideas of communism and socialism more completely than anyone else could do. But he scarcely desired such a result, and other communists and socialists will scarcely be thankful to him for such a merit. Truly, history has its own logic and irony. In the fact that the deadly blow to communism was administered by the communistic leader there is indeed something providential and symbolic.

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II—THE GREATEST MAN OF OUR TIME

ANNA LOUISE STRONG

LENIN did not make chaos in Russia, but swept away the last of the debris, says Dr. Strong, who spent two years in Russia during his régime. His task was colossal, but his system was simple: it consisted in recognizing what the soviets were already doing on a small scale and incorporating them into a national structure. Having brought his people safely through wars and set them free from foreign economic dominion, he is now mourned with the reverence accorded to a great prophet.

NO PUBLIC man of our time has made such a gift to human progress as Lenin. No man has been so increasingly loved by so many millions of people. No man has attained such triumphant success, whether measured by actual achievement at the time of his death or by promise of growing results for the future. If I were in Russia, I would not have to argue this at all. In my two years spent traveling from the Arctic Ocean to the Caucasus, among peasants and city workers, among communists and anti-communist specialists, I find this view taken for granted. It is only outside Russia that the greatness of Lenin is doubted by anyone.

Outside Russia Lenin is still thought of as a leader of upheaval, as a man who brought chaos in place of established order. He is even blamed for all disasters of bloodshed, epidemics, and famine that have befallen the Russian people since the revolution. For the popular conception of a revolution, by people who never lived through one, is that a handful of pestilent agitators attack a stable, organized society and reduce it to ruin.

But stable, organized societies are not reduced to ruin by talk. In Russia government after government fell of its own impotence to prevent the utter breakdown of an ancient feudal system under the strain of a modern war. It was not Lenin who made the peasants desire and take the land, or the soldiers declare for peace,—those soldiers who had been betrayed by official corruption to death by hundreds of thousands, those unarmed men who had waited for the death of their comrades to secure rifles with which to carry on.

In Russia they saw this demoralization occur and they know how it happened. On a landed estate near Perm, fifty miles from a railroad, the agent who collected tribute for an absent

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prince grew frightened in the summer after the Czar fell and fled in the night. He had never heard of Lenin. But he knew that the peasants were growing discontented with many requisitions, and that the old army of the Czar was no longer at his back to sustain him.

A charming girl of my acquaintance, once heiress to a large estate near Samara, where she lived with her aunt, told me her experiences of revolution. "Our peasants were not badly treated," she said, "and never actually revolted. But little by little, hearing the news of other peasants who were taking the law into their own hands and seizing estates and murdering landlords, they grew restive and began to demand from us implements and rights which they had never had before. At last my aunt grew frightened and we went away."

The aunt and the girl and the peasants knew nothing of either Lenin or Kerensky. They knew that authority had rotted away, and that life and government were falling into chaos, in which men out of their misery took what they had the power to take for their own needs. This chaos grew and spread in the summer after the fall of the Czar; government after government tried to cope with it and failed. It was not Lenin who made the chaos. It was Lenin who swept away the last of the debris and laid the foundations of a solid building.

He did it by a simple formula: "All power to the soviets." The provisional government had become a helpless debating society; the constituent assembly, endlessly proclaimed but not yet called, was based on forms alien to the life of Russia. Lenin's intuition saw that a new organized life was already growing, based on natural forms of Russian expression, capable of assuming the powers of government. The village meeting for the peasant, the factory meeting for the city worker, sending delegates to municipal and provincial councils; this was already the living, functioning reality, and he declared it the government.

He came into power by recognizing what the people were already doing; by sanctioning these acts and organizing and directing them. For thirty years he had studied the strains and stresses of modern society, the different classes existing or beginning to arise in his country. In common with the youth of three generations he dreamed of the Revolution which must

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come in feudal Russia; but unlike others he had carefully thought out the way to a new and stable order. Back in the early nineties of the last century he had already discarded the theories of an enlightened peasantry building its own way to freedom, and of a heroic student group assassinating oppressors. Neither of these methods would ever supplant czardom. Lenin based his hopes on the young group of industrial workers, just beginning to exist in the infant industries of Russia. Not scattered, like the peasants, not individualistic, like the students,—they could be built into a hard, organized group which could arise and stand through the falling feudalism of Russia. Already, in 1905, Lenin witnessed the spontaneous forming of workers' soviets in the cities, and envisaged the State built of soviets as the natural form for a new order.

He builded better even than he expected. For the State, thus formed, stood the shock of war on a dozen fronts; it reorganized an army out of tired bands of deserters; it withstood a longer siege of exhaustion than any land of Europe knew. It proved strong enough and flexible enough to adjust itself quickly to the terrible strains of war and blockade.

Always, at critical moments, again and again, it was Lenin who saw some shift of policy which offered a last, desperate way out. Many of the actions taken in those early years of revolution, and called "communism" by an outside world, were measures of war emergency rather than of socialist planning. The nationalization of industry was a measure for introducing control into a situation where workers were seizing factories and managers were fleeing, and capital was unobtainable and a war was going on. The seizing of the peasants' grain was again a war measure of a blockaded land. The "terror" was the reaction of a maddened people when Lenin himself lay wounded from an assassin's bullet, and a series of other assassinations and betrayals had aroused fever heat and suspicion; it occurred not only in Russia, but in other lands of Eastern Europe under reactionary governments.

Not once during those years of war did Lenin express sure confidence of victory; not once, to the end of his days, did he promise success without eternal vigilance. Forethought, accuracy, order, production, careful accounting,—these were the

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virtues he exemplified and proclaimed. The "war communism," which was the pooling of all the country's resources for purposes of defense, was highly successful in its main purpose; it brought the nation through a siege of war, unfinanced by any loans, such as no other nation in Europe and probably no other form of state organization could have survived.

He himself, as everyone knew, lived very simply, munching from his pocket the black bread which was his daily ration, turning over to the common stores the presents of food and fuel which the loyal peasants brought him, working always and continuously, even against doctors' orders, till the day of his final illness.

Certainly he never thought that the war communism which was the fruit of emergency, was an ideal form of human society. But undoubtedly he hoped, during those early years, to pass rather quickly from the state of war to some form of organized socialism. He based this hope on the expectation of a revolution in Europe, which would give to the backward industries of Russia the comradely assistance of the skilled workers of Germany on a basis of mutual friendship.

In this, and in this alone, he was disappointed. When at last peace came, and Russia felt secure in her own borders, yet with exhausted industry and agriculture, with hungry cities and discontented peasants, Lenin took stock of the resources within Russia and made his plan of government for decades to come. He declared a "retreat" to a base which Russia could hope to hold without outside revolutions.

Outside Russia they speak of the New Economic Plan as a retreat to capitalism. Inside Russia they call it the New Road to Communism. The State holds ownership of land and natural resources and of basic industries, operating these things herself as far as she has means, and leasing the rest to private capital on the best terms she can make. Capital is welcome, from foreigners or Russians, but not on terms of permanent possession. Profitable leaseholds and franchises Russia will grant, but in the end the properties return, improved, to the Russian people. For meantime, in her schools and universities, she is training a new generation, technically skilled and filled with ideals of public service. So that decade after decade, as indus-

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tries and properties return to the people of Russia, there will be young men fit to manage them for the common good.

This is the first stand of any backward nation against the imperialisms of the world. After the World War, exhausted Russia had to fear the fate of all the backward lands of Asia,—domination of her politics and economic life by the interests of France and England. She might have ended in chaos, as China has ended, or in vassalage, as Germany has ended; she might have been a host of warring principalities, each with its own dictator, the plaything of the great financial interests of the world. From this fate Lenin saved her. She became a nation of independent people, passionately reconstructing their war-wrecked land, meeting the great powers of earth on an equal basis, holding their own resources for their own enrichment.

Therefore, from Petrograd to Vladivostok, Lenin is mourned today more affectionately and widely than any man was ever mourned. The peasants know him as "our Ilytch who gave us the land"; the city workers know him as the comrade who gave them the reins of government and industry; the non-communist patriots within Russia know him as the careful planner who brought them through wars which the whole world launched against them and set them free from foreign economic dominion which had begun already in the days of the Czar. And down through the primitive yet ancient peoples of Asia he is hailed almost as a Messiah, who first set the barriers to hitherto triumphant imperialism, and opened a new page in the relations of Asia and Europe.

To millions of simple people all over the world, Lenin is yet more,—the successful prophet of a new social era. I lunched today with a farming woman from the rough lands of western Washington, and told her I was to write an article proving that Lenin had contributed to human progress. She is not a member of any radical organization; I had thought her interests circumscribed by the keeping of poultry. But her eyes brightened. "That ought to be easy," she said.

"What does Lenin mean to you?" I asked. "Out here in the west where you never get more than two inches of misrepresentation in the papers."

"I don't know very much of him," she said after a moment.

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"I am too busy and too far away. But to me he is the opening of a door. A new door for human thought and human progress. He found the door, and he opened it, and he had courage to go through—and to take a whole nation through with him. The world will never be quite the same again after Lenin. It's like Franklin and electricity; he didn't know everything that we know about electricity, but he helped start it. And Lenin,—maybe Lenin made mistakes and did lots of things he didn't have to. I'm too far away to judge. But he opened the door. Some day the whole world will be going through it, as easily as we turn on the electric light."

"Just what kind of door do you mean?" I asked.

"All of us folks who work," she answered after a moment's thought,—"you can't deny that we are slaves to someone or other. Maybe it's the boss, and maybe the landlord, or maybe the railroads and commission men. But the landlord and boss,—they are slaves too, in another way. No one is free or secure. But Lenin opened a new way. Russia is trying it out, with the folks that work controlling the government, and the government running most of the industries and all the oil and coal and railroads. That's how they do it there, isn't it?"

I nodded.

"Well, that's something big, bigger than electricity even. You can't tell where it will end. I wouldn't expect it to work very well at first; it will take a lot of time to get it going right. But ever since I heard of it, I felt it's the Open Door. It's the way out,—from Slavery."

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OUR REVOLUTION AT HOME

RICHARD BOECKEL

RUSSIA'S much advertised program for reconstituting society over-night has resulted in bloodshed and famine. British academic Utopians have railed in vain against America for our failure to adopt measures of radical reform in industry. Meanwhile, according to Mr. Boeckel, in all quietness, unheralded by the press, there is being accomplished in our country an industrial revolution more practical and potentially more beneficial to humanity than socialism or communism.

POLITICO-ECONOMIC reformers in the United States who have been looking to Russia and Great Britain for guidance and light were startled a few weeks ago by the announcement of Professor T. N. Carver of Harvard that "the only economic revolution anywhere in the world that amounts to a hill of beans is taking place in this country now."

This revolution, all but unnoticed by professional reformers, has already progressed a long way, Professor Carver said. And it is going much farther. Its progress thus far represents only the beginning of a series of economic changes in this country more fundamental than those taking place anywhere else in the world. His conclusions were based upon the fact that American working men and women in steadily increasing numbers are entering the capitalist class. As striking evidence of this fact he cited huge purchases of stock by wage-earners in corporations by which they are employed and the remarkable growth during the last three years of the new labor banking movement. "That," he said, "along with a great many other things of the same general character, constitutes what I call an economic revolution."

What Professor Carver calls an economic revolution obviously is not "the coming revolution" of radical literature. It is not a movement promoted by communist nuclei in industrial plants taking direction from Moscow. It is quite the opposite of a movement to "overthrow the capitalist system by force and violence." It is a revolution in the status of the worker, being brought about through saving and investment and education; a revolution which holds out to American labor a real promise of a very substantial share for the future in the control of industry.

Indirectly, the wage-earners of the United States already pro-

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vide a considerable share of the money and credit resources necessary to the functioning of the nation's industry, through their deposits in commercial and savings banks and their premium payments on life insurance policies. During the last two years bank savings in this country, which may be credited principally to the wage-earners, have increased by more than ten per cent, amounting at present to $18,373,000,000. The largest volume of life insurance ever sold in any single year, approximating $11,710,000,000 and exceeding the sales of the previous banner year by more than ten per cent, was sold during 1923. The increase was mainly in industrial insurance. More than two-thirds of the life insurance policies at present in force in this country are held by wage-earners.

While steadily increasing their indirect contribution, American workers, since the war, have begun to make direct contributions toward the capital required in industry through purchases of industrial securities. Since there appears to be no lack of capital for productive enterprise, notwithstanding Secretary Mellon's showing that large investors generally are placing their wealth in tax-exempt securities, it is reasonable to suppose that a considerable part of the funds being invested in industrial securities is the money of the wage-earners and other investors of small means. Unfortunately, it is not possible to estimate the amount of such securities purchased by the workers during the last few years with any degree of accuracy. Could such an estimate be secured it would be of the highest value as measuring the actual progress of the economic revolution in this country.

Working-class investment is due to present high wages, following upon the lessons in saving and investment taught by the government in the Liberty bond campaigns during the war period. The first investments of thrifty workmen generally are made in homes and in life insurance. Security investments come later. If the present condition of prosperity and high wages continues, therefore, it is logical to expect a rapid increase in stock and bond investments by working men hereafter.

Most American corporations have made it easy for their employees to become stockholders, through the deduction-at-the-pay-window system of partial payments. Employees' stock subscription plans were widely adopted following the war, and in

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practically all cases the workers have taken the fullest possible advantage of these plans. Today there are many corporations in which the combined stockholdings of the employees are worth from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000, and a few in which these holdings represent larger amounts.

The traditional attitude of trade unionism toward all profit-sharing and stock-subscription plans has been one of opposition. Profit-sharing through dividend checks has been fought on the ground that it diverts the attention of union men from the organized effort necessary to maintain and improve their standards, and gives them a major interest in increasing the profits of the corporations in which they are entitled as stockholders to share. The argument in support of employees' stock subscription has run somewhat as follows:

"When a wage-earner invests some of his earnings in the business enterprise in which he, himself, is employed, he becomes a better workman; he takes a new interest in the business; he feels that he has a stake in it which is more important than the weekly pay envelope. And when a man gets this feeling, he settles down and becomes dependable. For he comes to feel that he also has a part in the prosperity and progress of the country which places upon him the obligation of industry, of thrift, and of good citizenship."

Similar quotations may be found in many works on profit-sharing issued by employers' organizations. The above quotation was not taken, however, from the literature of any capitalistic group anxious to win men away from their unions through profit sharing, or to employ it as a form of "strike insurance." It is the concluding paragraph of a pamphlet, *Making Millions Out of Pennies*, issued by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

Under the old philosophy of trade unionism "pure and simple," with its emphasis upon the strike as labor's only weapon of last resort, the possibility that workmen might some day come into control of large industrial enterprises through the simple process of investing their savings in corporate securities was never considered. But a new trade union philosophy is rapidly developing in the United States, for which the labor banking movement, in which the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers holds the

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position of leadership, is largely responsible. It is based upon the idea that labor's collective money power, instead of the strike, is the instrument through which the workers will win advancement in the future. It calls for saving and investment to the utmost by the workers.

The labor banking movement has been called the most significant development in the field of labor since the formation of the American Federation of Labor. Its principal significance for the future may be that it provides the starting point for an organized investment movement by the working class. To date the principal effort of the labor banks has been to build up their resources. In building up their resources they have sought to conserve trade union funds in their care by throwing their influence against all unnecessary strikes. At the same time they have taught many thousands of working men the importance of systematic saving. Lately they have turned their attention to the possibilities of systematic investment.

Some conception of the resources that would be available for joint investment by trade unions and their members, if all industrial disputes could be adjusted without preliminary strikes, may be gained from the report of the treasurer of the International Typographical Union, which states that the 44-hour week strike in the printing trades cost that organization $14,498,403 in direct expenditure. This figure does not include losses in wages to the strikers, which undoubtedly amounted to many times the union's expenditure, nor does it give any indication of the amount of savings wiped out by the strikers in meeting living expenses during the prolonged struggle. Yet the printers' strike was not exceptional in its cost. The recent strikes of anthracite miners and of the railway shop crafts were much more expensive.

Professor Carver's observation that "ten cents a day,—the price of a glass of soda water,—set aside by every worker in a shoe factory will buy that factory or another one like it in a very few years" applies with equal force in the printing trades. With an initial investment of $14,000,000 and a continuing program of systematic investment by the union and its members, the International Typographical Union, through the competition of its own plants, could be setting the standards for the entire

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printing industry in a comparatively few years. What the whole body of wage-earners, organized and unorganized, could do with a five per cent saving on an annual wage income in the neighborhood of $30,000,000,000, would exceed the most extravagant hopes of any promotor of "the coming revolution."

Witnessing the large financial transactions engaged in by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in connection with its banking enterprises, various writers have concluded that these transactions are made possible by the exceptionally high wages paid to the union's membership. An examination of the last wage report of the United States Railroad Labor Board shows, however, that the average daily wage of engine service employees is only $5.81 a day, and that freight engineers, the highest paid men in the group, receive an average of but $7.44 a day. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is neither the largest nor the richest of American labor organizations. The wages paid to its members are considerably lower than those paid to skilled workers in the building trades and in many other crafts. That the financial achievements of the Brotherhood can be duplicated by many other trade unions, under equally capable leadership, is not open to doubt.

The first investment company, under labor control, for the strategic direction of working-class investment, was established by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers as an auxilliary to its $25,000,000 cooperative bank at Cleveland. The Brotherhood bank, like all other labor banks, already had a bond department through which bonds were being sold to labor investors. The purpose of the new company was to permit the Brotherhood to engage in the actual underwriting and sale of stocks as well as bonds issued by industrial enterprises in labor control, or in which control could be secured by the workers.

The "Wall Street Journal" of January 16 reported that:

"The Brotherhood Investment Co., controlled by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, has completed sale of its $10,000,000 capital stock. Final selling campaign resulted in an oversubscription of nearly $1,000,000. . . . About ninety per cent was subscribed by union members, the greater part coming from railroad workers. . . . With sale of its capital stock completed and in order to furnish cash resources to handle its

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increasing investment turnover, the company is soon to offer $2,000,000 of seven per cent collateral trust bonds. . . ."

This is a new sort of labor news, appearing in a new place, and as revolutionary in its way as the recent labor news from London. An increasing amount of such news may be expected in the future, for all of the labor banks recently established by powerful unions are planning to follow the Brotherhood in its invasion of the investment banking field.

One of the first transactions of the Brotherhood Investment Company was the purchase for the Brotherhood of a third interest in the Empire Trust Company of New York, a $60,000,000 financial institution. At the time the purchase was made the Brotherhood secured an option on the remaining shares necessary to control the bank. Two officials of the Brotherhood were elected to the Empire Trust Company's board of directors in 1923, and three additional labor directors were chosen at a recent stockholders' meeting. The Brotherhood will complete purchases under its option and assume full control of the bank in June of this year. In parenthesis, it is interesting to note that the Empire Trust Company is given in a pamphlet, *The Capitalist Press—Who Owns It and Why*, recently issued by the British Labor Party, as the holder of "587 shares or more than half the total capital" of the Central News, Ltd., of London, one of the largest European news agencies.

Smaller unions, not at present planning the establishment of commercial banks, are considering extensions of the functions of their insurance departments to include the sale of securities to their members on the partial payment plan.

The development of the labor banking movement during its initial stages was slow, but recently it has been very rapid. Ten of the twenty labor banks now in successful operation in the United States have been established within the last twelve months. Twenty additional banks are being organized, most of which will be opened for business during the next twelve months. Present indications are that there will be one or more of these institutions in operation in every important industrial center at the end of the next five years. The development of organized labor investment is likely to follow a similar course; moving slowly in the present, but expanding with multiplying rapidity.

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The limiting factor at present is not a lack of resources among the workers for investment, but the scarcity of men, trusted by labor, who are capable of directing large investment undertakings. The "two fisted, fighting leaders" of labor are not qualified for the task. Banks and investment companies cannot be successfully managed by the walking delegate type of man. Labor leaders of the old school have not witnessed the growth of the new financial movement among the workers with any degree of enthusiasm. It should be said for the old leaders, however, that in all cases where their unions have decided upon the establishment of financial enterprises, they have acknowledged their incapacity and secured trained financiers to manage these enterprises. These new labor financiers are the men to whom the fighting leaders must largely surrender their power when the strategy of the counting room and the directors' meeting is substituted for the strategy of the picket line.

Does the financial movement among the workers mean the development of a new semi-capitalistic aristocracy of labor which will join with established interests in exploiting consumers and unorganized or poorly organized laborers to its own selfish advantage? At the present stage an entirely satisfactory answer cannot be given to this question. As a partial answer it is possible to cite the results of the Coal River Collieries experiment.

The Coal River Collieries Company is a $2,000,000 corporation owning 6,000 acres of coal lands in the heart of the non-union mining districts of West Virginia and Kentucky. The stock of the corporation was underwritten and sold by the Brotherhood Investment Company to working-class investors. The company is shipping six to eight carloads of coal to Cleveland daily, which is sold to consumers by the Cleveland Cooperative Coal Company, another labor enterprise.

"The first aim of this coal company," said Albert F. Coyle, secretary of the distributing company, "is to mine coal efficiently rather than to make huge profits. Accordingly it provides high wages and comfortable homes for its employees, and in return its miners are establishing a record for the efficient production of coal."

The company has paid seven per cent on its stock since its organization, and built up a substantial surplus beside. All its

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miners are members of the United Mine Workers and receive the highest wages paid in the district. Its coal is sold in Cleveland to trade unionists and the general public at $7 a ton for run of mine bituminous lump, and $7.50 a ton for mechanically screened coal.

In the case of Coal River Collieries Company neither the workers, who were unorganized and poorly paid when the company took over the mines, nor consumers of the company's product are being exploited, yet the investors in its securities are receiving an adequate return. If similar results on a larger scale may be anticipated as the organized labor investment movement gains headway the consuming public can face the prospect with equanimity.

It is a curious fact that this movement, which promises so much of what our radical revolutionaries profess to want, wins no support from them. It is looked upon in radical quarters as militating against the development of a "class conscious movement" in this country or tending to postpone the "socialization" of credit and of industry. Leaders in the business and banking fields, who appear to have a better understanding of the possibilities of the new movement than the radicals, generally regard it, nevertheless, as a sound and wholesome development.

"The advent into the ranks of capitalists of labor groups of great importance," said Eugene Meyer, Jr., Managing Director of the War Finance Corporation, "strengthens existing institutions and makes for evolutionary as against revolutionary change. Business stability is not based upon maintaining the *status quo* so much as upon an orderly and gradual change and adjustment to meet new conditions."

The great fact in connection with the changes that are in progress in the United States, is that they are coming about without the slightest disturbance to the smooth functioning of the industrial machine. An evolutionary process is leading toward a revolutionary result; namely, ownership and control of the means of production by the workers. To the extent that saving and investment by the workers is systematized and organized the process will be speeded up, possibly coming to its fruition within our own time.

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MY LIFE IN ART

Part Three—Rubinstein and Tolstoi

Constantin Stanislavsky

Translated from the Russian by J. J. Robbins

A TIMID and awestruck young man delegated to present a laurel wreath to a famous composer, bewildered by the footlights, at sea on a vast stage, and retreating at a jog-trot while Rubinstein and all the notables of Moscow roared with laughter; the same young man being dressed down by Tolstoi's angry wife for presuming to suggest to her husband some revisions in a work of genius,—these are two of many episodes recalled by the regisseur of the Moscow Art Theatre.

LET me say a few words about the famous composer and pianist Anton Rubinstein, because my meeting with him, although it does not present great interest in the facts that caused it or the words that accompanied it, nevertheless left an impression on my inner artistic conscience. Even a surface acquaintance with great men, the very proximity to them, the unseen exchange of spiritual currents, their often unconscious reaction to the phenomena about them, their exclamations, their words, their eloquent pauses, leave a mark on your soul. Later, when the artist develops and meets analogous facts in life, he remembers the words, the opinions, the exclamations, and the pauses of the great man, deciphers them and reaches their real meaning. More than once I have remembered the eyes, the exclamations, and the meaningful silences of Anton Rubinstein during the two or three meetings with him that fate granted me.

This was at the time when I was a director of the Russian Musical Society. I was very young,—I could not have been more than twenty-two or three. All the other directors of the society were absent from Moscow, and Rubinstein was expected to come from St. Petersburg to conduct a symphonic concert. The entire administrative responsibility for the concert was left to me. I was very much confused, for I knew that Rubinstein was severe, truthful to a point of sharpness, and suffered no compromises or remissness in art. Of course I went to meet him at the station. But, unexpectedly, he had come on an earlier train, and I met him and introduced myself at his hotel. Our

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talk was very short and of the most official character. I asked him whether he had any orders to give me about the concert.

"What orders? The affair is arranged," he answered in a high voice, his intonation lazily stretched, his sharp glance piercing me. Like other great men I have met he was not ashamed to look at people as if they were things. His answer and his gaze confused me. It seemed to me that he was amazed and disappointed to find a raw boy offering his services. His lion-like repose, his lazy, graceful, kingly movements oppressed me. I seemed to be the guest of a lion in his cage. I suddenly remembered how this quiet giant could become fiery at the piano or behind the conductor's stand, how his long hair rose like a mane, what flames gleamed in his eyes, what headlong and unexpected movements he made under pressure of his volcanic temperament.

After an hour I met him at the rehearsal of the orchestra, and again I felt and saw all that I had felt and seen when I met him first. In the moment of his highest creative effort, his unbridled temperament swept through him like a whirlwind, lifting the hair which covered half his face, and his arms, his head, his body seemed to embrace the whole of the storming orchestra. He tried to outshout it in his high voice. To the trombone players he shrieked, "Lift your snouts higher!" There was not enough sound and strength to interpret the emotions loose within him, and he demanded that the trombone players tilt their instruments higher so that their roar might be directed at the public without any obstacles in its path.

The rehearsal ended. Rubinstein, like a lion after battle, lay on his couch, a feline softness in all his tired body, streaming with perspiration. With a beating heart I stood near the door of his dressing-room, guarding him and praying to him, looking into the crack between the door and the jamb. The musicians were all in ecstasy, and they accompanied him with trembling respect when after resting, he went to his small room in the hotel.

Imagine my surprise when several excited trombone players approached me and declared that they would not appear at the concert unless Rubinstein asked their pardon.

"Why?" I wondered, remembering the beauty of what I had just seen and heard.

"He said. . . . He said. . . ." they cried in broken

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Russian, for they were Germans, "He called our heads snouts!"

"This is not a snout, it is a head!" exclaimed one of them, pointing to his head, "I will not let him. . . ."

They all began talking at once, mixing Russian and German. No matter how hard I tried to explain to them that the word snouts did not apply to them, but to their instruments, they would not be placated. But at last I persuaded them to appear at the concert. If Rubinstein would promise me to apologize they would play. Otherwise, they would not.

I went to Rubinstein at once, excused myself for coming, stammered and mumbled what had happened, and asked him what I was to do. The lion lay in the same restful pose. What I told him made not the slightest impression on him, although I was sweating with excitement and fear and my sense of helplessness.

"Goo–oo–ood! I will te–e–ell them!" he squeaked. If his intonation could be quoted as well as his words, his reply would have meant, "Good, I will show them how to stir up a scandal. I will give them something to think about!"

"Then I may inform them that you will excuse yourself?" I tried to stress the word "you."

"Good, good, you may tell them so. Let them sit down in their places," he said even more restfully, lazily stretching his hand for a letter which he began to open.

Of course I should have waited for a more definite answer, but I did not dare to disturb him further and could not insist on my demands. I went away dissatisfied, anxious,—not at all assured that the concert would take place.

Before it began, I told the musicians that I had seen Rubinstein and told him of all that had happened, and that he had said, "Good, I will tell them!" Of course I kept to myself what I had heard in his intonation. The musicians were satisfied, and their anger almost died out.

The concert was a tremendous success. But how cold the great man remained, and how disdainful of the public that glorified him. He would go out and bow mechanically, as though the applause was not intended for him. When the impatience of the public and of the musicians, who were beating their music stands from excitement, reached a point where it seemed that

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they would make a scandal if he did not give an encore, and I as the administrator was sent to remind the great man that the evening was not yet over and that he was expected to appear again, I fulfilled my duty timidly and received a completely quiet answer: "I hear them myself." In other words: "It is not for you to teach me how to handle them."

I was still inwardly ecstatic and envied the right of genius to such majestic indifference to glory, to such repose in success, and the consciousness of its superiority to the mob. Out of the corner of my eye I glanced at the trombone players. They were outshouting all the others present.

I met Anton Rubinstein again, and although I played a very foolish part at the meeting, I will tell of it, for it also revealed some of the strong traits of his genius. This was still at the time when I was a director of the Musical Society. The two hundredth performance of the opera *The Demon* was being celebrated in the Imperial Great Opera Theatre. Every one of importance in Moscow was present. Gala lights, titled guests in the imperial boxes, famous singers even in the smallest parts, a grandiose welcome to the great favorite himself, the singing of "Glory" by the whole chorus and the soloists, the overture, and the first act. There was tremendous applause and many curtain calls. The second act began. The composer conducted, but he was nervous. One could see impatient, vexatious movements. One could hear a whisper throughout the theatre: "Rubinstein is in a bad humor. He is dissatisfied."

At the very moment when the Demon appeared from a trapdoor and rose above Tamara, who was lying on a couch, Rubinstein stopped the orchestra and the performance, and nervously beating the conductor's stand with his baton, impatiently addressed someone on the stage: "I told you a hundred ti–i–imes, that—"

It was impossible to hear the rest of what he said.

As it was explained later, the whole trouble was caused by a reflector that should have illuminated the Demon from the back and not from the front.

There was a tomb-like silence. People ran across the stage and in the wings one could see hands waving, heads moving. The poor artists, deprived of the music and of the customary

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action on the stage, stood as if they were lost, as if they had been suddenly undressed and were abashed by their nakedness. It seemed that a whole hour passed. The crowd, which had been silent in confusion, began to come to its senses little by little, then to criticize, to be indignant. Chaotic noise rose in the auditorium. Rubinstein sat in a restful pose, not unlike the attitude in which I had seen him at our first meeting. When the tumult reached its highest, he rose quietly, lazily, severely turned his back to the auditorium, and struck his stand with his baton. But this did not at all mean that he had surrendered. It was a severe reminder to the crowd and an order that they keep quiet. A silence ensued. Quite some time passed, until a strong light struck the back of the Demon, making his figure look almost like a silhouette and transparent. The performance was resumed.

"How wonderful!" one could hear in the auditorium, although the ovation in the next intermission was rather smaller than before.

The next act was opened by one of my co-directors and myself. We were to present the composer with a tremendous wreath with long ribbons. As soon as Rubinstein had approached his stand, we were pushed through the opening between the proscenium arch and the curtain. It was undoubtedly funny to see us crawling through that crack. Unused to the bright footlights of the Great Theatre, we were blinded. A mist rose from the footlights and hid everything on the other side. We walked, walked, walked. It seemed to me that we had walked a mile. There was talk in the auditorium that little by little turned into noise. Three thousand people were neighing with laughter, and we continued walking, walking, not knowing what had happened, until the box of the director of the theatre, which bordered on the stage suddenly rose before us from the mist. We had lost ourselves on the stage. We had passed the prompter's box, in front of which, with his back to the orchestra, stood the conductor. Shading our eyes with our hands from the footlights, and looking over it into the auditorium, forgetting the tremendous wreath whose ribbons dragged on the stage behind us, we were a comical pair indeed. Rubinstein, forgetting his mood, was rolling with laughter. He was

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despairingly beating his stand to let us know where he was. At last we found him, handed him the wreath, and left the stage in confusion at a quickstep that resembled the pace of a sprinter. The laughter became louder, and the intermission was continued until it subsided.

Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoi

In 18— our amateur circle, which was later recreated into the Moscow Art Theatre, gave several performances in Tula. The rehearsals were held in the hospitable home of N. V. Davidov, who was a close friend of Tolstoi. The life of the entire household was forced to run in the channels made necessary by the needs of our company. Between rehearsals there were noisy and merry dinners, at which even the host, who was far from young, became a veritable schoolboy.

During one of these dinners, at the height of our merry-making, the figure of a man in a peasant's coat appeared in the vestibule,—an old man with a long beard, dressed in a gray blouse, with a belt around his waist, in felt boots. He was met with happy acclamation. At first I did not guess that it was Leo Tolstoi. Not a single photograph and not even his portraits can give the impression made by his living face and figure. His eyes were the eyes of a man wise in the wisdom of the heart, now sharp and pricking, now soft, sunny, warming the soul. When Tolstoi looked at a man he became motionless and concentrated, his gaze testing and appraising the soul of his subject. At such moments his eyes hid behind heavy eyelids like the sun behind clouds. At other moments he would jest like a child, burst out in sympathetic laughter, and his piercing eyes would become joyful and humorous, coming out from behind his heavy eyelids and shining like the sun after a storm. Let anyone express an interesting thought and Tolstoi would be the first to appreciate it. He would become youthfully expansive and movable, and in his glance there would burn the fire of an artist's genius.

At the moment when I first met him, he was tender, soft, calm, kind, and filled with aged courtesy. The children leaped from their places and surrounded him in a tight ring. He knew each by name and nickname, and asked them questions about their intimate domestic life. We, the guests, were led up to him

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in turn, and he held the hand of each one, testing us with his sharp glance.

The unexpected meeting with the great old man brought me into an almost petrified state. Leo Nikolaevich was placed at the table in a chair exactly opposite mine. I must have appeared very odd, for he looked at me many times with curiosity in his eyes. Finally he bent toward me and asked me a question. I could not concentrate enough to understand him. There was laughter around me. I became even more confused. Tolstoi wished to know what play we were to give in Tula, and I could not for the world remember its name. Someone helped me out.

Although it was the most popular play by Ostrovsky, which any educated Russian knows, Leo Nikolaevich forgot the contents of the classic, and made no ado about saying so, simply, publicly, and without shame. Only he could have acknowledged so simply and publicly an ignorance that most of us would have been petty enough to hide.

"Tell me about it," he said. All grew still in the expectation of my story, and I, like a schoolboy who had failed at an examination, was tongue-tied. My neighbor was no braver than myself. Everyone laughed at us. Davidov saved us by telling Tolstoi in brief of the contents of the play. Confused by my failure, I was quiet, looking guiltily at Leo Nikolaevich.

The servant brought in a roast.

"Leo Nikolaevich, don't you want a little meat?" the adults and the children began to pester the vegetarian.

"Why not?" said Leo Nikolaevich in jest.

And large pieces of meat began to fly from all parts of the table into his plate. To an accompaniment of laughter he cut himself a small piece of meat, began to chew it, swallowed it with difficulty, and put down his knife and fork.

"I can't! I can't eat a corpse! It is poison! Leave meat alone, and only then will you understand what it is to have good health, good spirits, and a clear head!"

Having mounted his hobby, Leo Nikolaevich began to preach vegetarianism.

After dinner we began talking about the theatre, having decided to boast before Leo Nikolaevich of the fact that we were the first in Moscow to play *The Fruits of Knowledge*, which he

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had written for a domestic performance, and the public performance of which was forbidden by the censorship.

"Make an old man happy, free *The Power of Darkness* from censorship and play it," he said.

"And you will let us play it?" we cried in chorus.

"I never forbid any one to produce my plays," he answered.

Without having killed our bear, we began to divide his skin; that is, without having removed the censorship, we began to divide the rôles of the play among us. We were already deciding who would direct the play, and how; we asked Leo Nikolaevich to come to the rehearsals; we took advantage of his presence to decide which of the variants of the fourth act we were to play, and how to unite them in such a manner as to preserve the culminating growth of action and mood in that act. It was as though we were to commence rehearsals of the play the very next day.

Soon we found it easy to talk to Tolstoi, for he easily yielded to our young enthusiasm. His eyes, with that deep gaze directed into the soul of the man he was looking at, that had been hiding behind his heavy lids, were shining now like the sun in the cloudless sky,—they were like the eyes of a young man.

"Yes," Leo Nikolaevich suddenly became alive with a newly-born thought. "Write out a plan of how to connect the parts and give it to me, and then I will work over the play according to your instructions."

The young man to whom these words were addressed became so confused that he could not answer, and hid behind another man. Leo Nikolaevich understood our confusion and began to encourage us, saying that in his offer there was nothing that could not be fulfilled by us. On the contrary, we would be doing him a favor, because he was not a man of the theatre, and we were specialists. But even Tolstoi could not persuade us of that.

Some years passed and I had not seen Tolstoi again. I was spending the autumn in Biarritz, where at that time lived the well known publisher of "Novoye Vremya," and the creator of the Theatre of the Literary Art Society, the publicist and critic, Alexey Suvorin. Once he came to me on business that could not wait. He had decided to produce in his theatre *The Power of Darkness* and he wanted to use all his influence in order to have

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the censorship lifted. He had corresponded with Tolstoi, who wrote him among other things that he should see me and take the synopsis of the fourth act from me, in which the two variants of the act were united. In vain I told Suvorin that I had no synopsis; he insisted on having it. It was hard to argue with him, for I was a young man and he was many years older than I. I sat a few days and nights over the work, and at last carried it to Suvorin. The censorship was lifted from *The Power of Darkness*, and it was produced by Suvorin and throughout Russia. Of course it was played as Tolstoi had written it, and my scenario was not used. It was said that Tolstoi had seen many performances of the play, that he liked some things in it and disliked others.

Some more time passed. Suddenly I received a note from one of Tolstoi's friends, which informed me that Tolstoi wished to see me. I went at once and Tolstoi received me in one of the rooms of his Moscow house. He was not satisfied with the performances nor with the play itself.

"Tell me again how you thought of changing the fourth act. I will change it, and you will play it." Tolstoi said this so simply that I found it just as simple to explain my plan, which had long slipped from my memory.

We spoke a very long time, without knowing that his wife, Sofia Andreyevna, and the family were in the next room.

Imagine for a moment Sofia Andreyevna's position. She was always very jealous of her husband. And here was some young man taking the masterpiece of her husband and presuming to teach its talented creator how it should be written. This was the height of impudence if one did not know what had taken place before.

Sofia Andreyevna could not bear it. She ran into the room and attacked me. I confess that I got a fine dressing-down. I would have got even a finer one if Maria Lvovna, the daughter, had not come in and quieted her mother. During the whole scene Leo Nikolaevich sat without moving, calmly playing with his beard. He did not utter a single word to defend me.

And when his wife left us, and I remained completely nonplussed, he smiled courteously and said: "Don't pay any attention to it. She is very nervous and in a bad humor." Then,

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turning back to our broken conversation, he continued: "And so, where did we stop? . . ."

I remember another accidental meeting with Tolstoi in one of the alleys near his house. This was at the time when he was writing his famous diatribe against war and against the military caste. I was walking with a friend who knew Tolstoi well. We met him. I was timid because his face was stern, and his eyes were hidden behind their lids. His voice was also different. It had become hard. He was nervous and irascible. I walked behind him courteously, afraid to excite him. But I was listening very carefully to his talk. He was talking of what he later wrote in his essay. With unusual heat he expressed his indictment of all legalized murder. He attacked military men and their customs, and with all the more effect, inasmuch as he had gone through more than one campaign. He did not base his words on theory but on his own experience. His hanging eyebrows, his burning eyes in which the tears were ready to appear at any moment, the severe and at the same time excited and suffering voice I will remember always.

Suddenly from behind a corner there rose up before us two tremendous guardsmen in long military coats, with shining helmets, and swords loudly ringing against the stones under their feet. Handsome, young, stately, tall, with courageous faces, with correct and schooled manner of walk,—they were wonderful.

Tolstoi stopped in the middle of a word, his mouth half opened, his hands caught in the midst of a gesture, and his eyes drinking in the two soldiers. I stood where I could clearly see the expression of his face and his eyes. Like the dawn that gradually pierces the darkness after deep night and before the rising of the sun, so the face and the eyes of Tolstoi gradually began to shine with the inner light of an artist, and, as if they were lit by the rising sun, filled with enthusiasm and youth.

"H-ha!" he exclaimed in a whisper that could be heard in the whole alley, "What fine fellows!" and with great enthusiasm he began to explain the meaning of military bearing. In that moment one could easily recognize in him the veteran.

Much time passed. Once in going through the contents of my desk I found an unopened letter from Tolstoi. I was frightened. He wrote me several pages in his own hand about the epic of the

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Dukhobors, and asked me to help in collecting money for their emigration from Russia. How the letter could have been lost for years in my desk, I do not understand even now.

I wanted to explain this in person to Tolstoi and to justify my silence. My friend Sulerjitsky, who was very close to Tolstoi's family, suggested that I take advantage of the fact that he had arranged for Tolstoi an appointment with a certain dramatist. He hoped that before or after his appointment he could lead me in to see Tolstoi. My appointment did not materialize, for the dramatist used up all Tolstoi's free time. I was not present at their interview but was told what happened while I waited.

"First of all," said Sulerjitsky, "imagine two figures, the thin, tired, shaven writer with long hair combed in the style of the eighteen-thirties, with a large soft collar and no tie, sitting as if on needles and speaking in a strange language with newly invented words, of how he was trying to create a new art,—all by way of explaining a new monthly magazine which he was preparing to issue and to which he invited Tolstoi to contribute.

"For more than an hour Leo Nikolaevich listened attentively and patiently to the creator of the new art, walking up and down the room. At times he stopped and pierced the man with his sharp gaze. Then he would turn away as if disappointed, and putting his hands in his belt pace up and down again. At last the writer subsided.

"Tolstoi still continued to pace up and down the room and think while the writer fanned himself with a handkerchief. There was a long silence. At last Tolstoi stopped before him, and gazed at him with a serious and severe face. 'Indefinite!' he said, with an emphasis that implied, 'Are you trying to fool me?'

"Having said this, Tolstoi went to the door, opened it, made a step over the threshold, and turned to the writer again. 'I have always thought that a writer writes when he has something to say, when something is ripe in his mind and he is ready to transfer it to paper. But why I should write for a magazine only in March or in October,—is something I have never been able to understand.' And he walked out of the room."

End of Part Three. The fourth part contains an account of Stanislavsky's impressions of Rossi and Salvini.

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THE JAMESTOWN EXPERIMENT

SAMUEL AUGUSTUS CARLSON

THE principle of municipal ownership is entirely feasible in any township where the citizens are animated by the spirit of civic service. It can be made to work both financially and administratively. Municipal ownership is not socialism but is merely a broader application of our fundamental theory of democracy. In order to carry it out our cities need greater home rule power and a less rigid civil service system. The Mayor of Jamestown speaks from successful experience.

THE city of Jamestown, N. Y., has for some time attracted the attention of all those who are interested in better city government. The officials of the city have quietly put the principle of municipal ownership into operation with such remarkable success that other cities both in this state and in other parts of the country are again turning to a theory of government which many authorities have dismissed as impractical or socialistic. As acting mayor of Jamestown for sixteen years and a holder of various other offices in the city administration for over thirty years, I hope I may consider myself qualified to tell of what we have done and how we have done it.

Jamestown has the greatest number of municipally owned and successfully operated public utilities of any city in America. We have applied the principle of municipal ownership step by step, seeing just how far and how well it worked before applying it further. We have made no rash experiments. Every time the municipal authorities have taken over any economic function of the city, the result has been greater efficiency and a considerable saving. Jamestown today can boast of a lower operating cost than any other city in the state.

The citizens of Jamestown are not theorists. They have helped to make municipal ownership a success because they have realized its benefits. The saving of municipal ownership has been their saving. Profits from paving construction, which in most cities go to contractors, remain in the pockets of the people because all pavements in Jamestown are constructed directly by the municipality at a greatly reduced cost. In compliance with an ordinance, garbage is wrapped in paper packages by each householder, after which it is carted away to a piggery in municipally owned wagons. The purest crystal water is supplied

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from municipally owned artesian wells at a rate of one cent per barrel. Electricity for light, and for domestic purposes, is furnished to householders from a municipally owned self-sustaining steam-power plant, at an average cost of five cents per day (the rates ranging from 5 cents to 1½ cents per K.W.).

These plants are paying all expenses, including interest and principal on bonds. Proper allowance for depreciation is also made. This is also true of the Public Market. Municipal ownership in Jamestown has never cost the taxpayers one single penny in taxes. Every conceivable expense in connection with these plants has been paid from revenues, notwithstanding the fact that our rates are more than fifty per cent lower than elsewhere.

Our experiments have frequently been decried as being socialistic. This argument has been urged especially against our proposed municipal milk plant and sanitary distribution system. Our citizens, however, look upon it as merely a common sense, businesslike step to use the agency of the city government to eliminate the waste and exploitation which is entailed by having a superfluous number of milk dealers working under competitive conditions. The milk supply is just as much a matter of public service as the supply of pure drinking-water. The foremost sanitarians and health authorities of America have endorsed the Jamestown plan of handling the milk supply as the only solution of the milk problem.

If such municipal activities are called socialistic then it is very hard to see the difference between socialism and the intelligent and efficient application of our theory of democracy. As a matter of fact the citizens of Jamestown for the most part are politically very conservative. A large number of them are of Scandinavian or English stock so that they have come to us from countries where municipal undertakings are carried on to a greater extent than in America. This may in a measure account for the progress which municipal democracy has made in Jamestown.

But it is the spirit of service and cooperation which has made the Jamestown experiment possible. I have found by experience that the government of a city can be separated into three distinct activities: namely, legislative, humanitarian, and business. Men and women who are genuinely interested in public

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service will find that their talent lies in one of these three divisions and as soon as they realize which type of activity suits them best they enjoy their work and give forth their best effort in behalf of their city. For instance the humanitarian branch calls for the philanthropic type of men and women who are not disposed to enter political contests for election, but who are willing and able to give their services gratuitously on an appointive board having public welfare work exclusively under its jurisdiction. The business of running a water or lighting plant or constructing pavements or sewers, will in turn call for men experienced in the management of large business enterprises and men with scientific training. This is the theory on which I have tried to select my municipal council.

The Mayor's Municipal Cabinet in Jamestown consists of a Corporation Counsel, a Comptroller, a Director of Public Works, a Director of Assessment, a Public Safety Chief; a Board of Public Utilities composed of two engineers, two expert mechanics, and two manufacturers; a Board of Public Welfare consisting of President of the City Council, two physicians, three representatives of civic organizations, one minister, one lawyer, and the Superintendent of Health. There is also a Zoning Board and a Board of Recreation. All are appointed by the Mayor, subject to confirmation by the City Council. All members of administrative boards, except the Superintendent of Health, serve without salary. It is also important to note that these offices are all selective, the incumbents being appointed by the Mayor. The only elective officials are the Mayor and Members of the City Council, which is solely a legislative body, consisting of twelve members, one-half of whom are elected from the city at large and the other half from districts. All are elected at a citizens' election in March, every two years, nomination by petitions. No party or primary nominations are permitted.

As a further improvement, it has been suggested that all candidates for membership in the City Council receiving more than ten per cent of the total vote from the city as a whole, be given seats in that body, in order that strong men and large taxpayers, who are often in the minority, may have voice in legislative deliberations.

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It is very gratifying to be able to report that the graft and corruption that flourish in so many of our cities are entirely absent in Jamestown. I believe this is largely due to the fact that our public utilities are conducted without the domination or influence of political organizations. The police force is also free from the domination of politics and incidentally keeps the percentage of crime lower in Jamestown than in any other city in the state.

Perhaps the most important conclusion to be drawn from the Jamestown experiment is that the methods of government both in the city and in the state can be greatly simplified. When we have less complicated machinery, the people will find little difficulty in preventing the abuse of political power which is feared by Civil Service reformers. The trouble with our political institutions is that they are honeycombed with too many bureaucratic departments. Even Civil Service, which reformers recommended as the panacea for our political ills, has failed in practical operation, because no questionnaire rule can successfully test the character, tact, personality, or temperament of any applicant for place. In my experience, covering a long period in public life, I have often found the most untrustworthy and least competent person at the top of the eligible Civil Service list, while the most worthy and most competent has often failed to reach the required school-boy percentage test. I have also found that it has sometimes been difficult to get rid of employees who have become delinquent in the performance of their duties or who have failed to harmonize with policies which the administration sought to carry out for the public good. The appointing power should be free to select any qualified person regardless of his standing on the Civil Service list, and have the power to dismiss without argumentative hearing any employee when his service is no longer desired, just like all managers of successful business corporations. No other plan will insure loyalty, discipline, and efficiency.

The experience of Jamestown also emphasizes the need of greater home rule powers for our New York State cities. It is proper that there should be certain constitutional limitations, as to the incurring of indebtedness, the imposition of taxes, and so forth, but the rapidly changing conditions of modern community

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life necessitate sufficient flexibility in governmental operations to keep pace with the march of progress.

As a matter of fact city government renders to the citizen a service twenty fold greater than either the state or the national government gives. Increased power and responsibility mean increased efficiency on the part of the governing body and greater interest in city affairs on the part of citizens. Again I say that this is real democracy and not socialism. Its aim is to bring added freedom to the individual, as evidenced by the safety, protection, and sanitation now enjoyed through municipal agencies. Rich and poor alike share the advantages and conveniences of public improvements made possible through the instrumentality of these municipalized and democratized activities.

Our state government which is closely allied with city government should be simplified. The Governor should be elected for a long term. He should be the only administrative official elected by a state-wide election, so that public sentiment can crystallize on state policies for which he stands. He should be authorized to appoint his own cabinet, consisting of department heads, experts, and advisors. This is the only way to secure responsible government.

There should be but one legislative body, the Senate. Its members should be chosen partly from districts and partly from the state at large. Election for first term should be for one year; all succeeding terms for six years. Every voter should be permitted to vote for one candidate from his own district and one candidate from the state at large. All candidates for Senator at large receiving more than, say, 20,000 votes should be entitled to seats in the Senate. Under this plan there would be an average of 100 Senators, including those elected by majority vote from Senatorial districts. This method of election would give both geographical and group representation. It would give any group of 20,000 or more voters from the state as a whole an opportunity to unite in support of a strong candidate who stands for some principle or policy, conservative or progressive, which they desire voiced in the law-making-body. This would tend to bring into the Senate our ablest and most scholarly men. The candidate receiving the highest vote should be the presiding officer of the Senate and also function as Lieutenant-Governor.

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All the various administrative boards in the state government should be abolished and their functions transferred to the various Committees of the Senate, whose members should serve in an administrative capacity, when not performing legislative duties. They should receive salaries commensurate with their services and responsibilities and each Committee should be empowered to employ legal and expert advisors from time to time.

The Governor, or any member of his Cabinet, should be privileged to introduce any measure in the Senate and support the same with arguments. In case of deadlock between the Senate and the Governor, either should be authorized to submit the deadlocked proposition to a vote of the people for final determination at any regular election.

It is said that two chambers are a safeguard and that one acts as a check upon the other, but under our party system this so-called "check" is a perfect farce, for when both houses are under the control of the same political party, important measures very seldom fail of passage in both. While on the other hand, if one party controls one chamber and another party the other chamber, there is usually a deadlock on measures affecting the public weal. We need absolute freedom of thought and discussion upon all public questions. Error can be successfully combatted, not by intolerance and force, but only by the power of truth in the open forum.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY MEDIAEVALISM

MARGARET MUNSTERBERG

MISS MUNSTERBERG presents a novel chapter to THE FORUM'S *series of essays on current religious questions. Facing the Anglo-Catholic Movement she asks if we are witnessing an unintelligent reaction from scientific liberalism in religion, or a spontaneous reawakening of impulses that spread a rich, mysterious light through the so-called dark ages. "To the longing of the western world, the new mediaevalism means a flight for sanctuary from the Dynamo to the Virgin."*

"AM I dreaming? Is this the twentieth century in Boston, or is it the fourteenth century in Padua?"

Thus I questioned myself, bewildered, as I listened to the fervent speeches at the Eucharistic Conference of Anglo-Catholics that took place in Boston last October. The priests, some of whom had just doffed their resplendent embroidered vestments worn in the solemn Eucharistic procession in the large crowded All Saints Church of Ashmont, now, in the neighboring conference hall, were telling how they, in their several parishes in various parts of the country, were maintaining, against all odds, the high ritual proper to Catholicism and were centering the services of their churches in the celebration of the Mass.

"People say it can't be done," said a young sad-eyed priest with an air of quiet triumph, "but it has been done."

"We have been on the heights," said another, referring to the solemn Eucharistic festival in which they had just taken part, "and now we must descend to fight the demon of Modernism."

Modernism! Spontaneous applause broke forth at the sound of the word. Yet we were not in Rome, but in Boston. The chief address of the conference was delivered by a layman, the church-builder and upholder of Mediaevalism—Mr. Ralph Adams Cram. In a spirit impatient of compromise, with a clear scholastic logic worthy of an Anselm, he championed the aim of the conference, namely that of basing the unity of the Church on belief in the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, on the celebration of the Mass as the chief service on Sundays, and acceptance of the authority of the Church in the absolute Catholic sense. It was a clarion call, fearlessly stern, yet at the same time beautifully inviting, to return into the thirteenth century.

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Henry Adams opposed the Dynamo, as the emblem of the modern era, to the Virgin of Chartres, the symbol of Mediaevalism. At the Eucharistic Conference in Boston it looked as if the Virgin were coming into her own. Nor was the large assembly there in the grasp of the Vatican. At congregations of Irish or Italian Catholics no one is surprised; they are thought of,—arbitrarily, to be sure,—as political groups unified by racial rather than religious sentiments. But the case here was different: here was a typically New England audience, probably with a sprinkling of English visitors. With due allowance made for the force of tradition and chance environment, it may be supposed that these apparently well educated Anglican enthusiasts were voluntarily assembling to assert their belief in Catholic dogma and ritual.

Is this twentieth-century Mediaevalism a rhythmic reaction after the pendulum has swung too far to one side, or is it a more spontaneous reawakening of those impulses that made the Middle Ages not indeed the Dark Ages, but an era with a light of its own, mysterious, deep and rich, as through stained mullioned windows?

The genuineness and purity of a religious movement may be indicated by its mundane weakness rather than by its strength; for in religious movements, surely, the paradox of Francis Thompson has been justified that "the slain hath the gain and the victor hath the rout." This is not the hour of triumph of the Catholic Church. When the Church was at the zenith of its power, it was at its worst: the memory of the Spanish Inquisition is loathsome. In the days of the all-powerful Church, heterodoxy was heroic; today orthodoxy is, if not heroic, at least against the prevailing spirit of the times. And as protestants against heterodoxy, these passionate Catholics in our midst are the Puritans of the Mediaeval Renaissance.

To this statement it may be objected, of course, that the Anglican Church, whether high or low, is the established church of England, and that the Episcopal Church in America has a social prestige second to none. But, in America at least, it is the Protestant Episcopal Church which is influential, and many of its leaders reconcile the teachings of the Church with the laws of science and link the life of the Church with the practical, pro-

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gressive work of the day. The "intelligenza" of our modern America, as of the western European society of today, is scientific, sociological, at most philosophical and more remote from the Virgin than from Aristotle.

I remember the patriarchal figure of Lyman Abbott, as he stood in the pulpit of the Harvard College Chapel one Easter Sunday, an apostle of that thought-world which may be called the antipode of Mr. Ralph Adams Cram's. "Perhaps we are too material, perhaps we are too spiritual" (to abide by the faith in its traditional form), the voice of the majestic liberalist rang out.

Perhaps we are too spiritual. For those who would belong in this category, philosophical idealism has indeed effected a harmony between the conviction of the spirit and the results of scientific investigation by subordinating science to the will and purpose of the soul. But philosophical idealists are numbered, and there are not many like Emerson who could feel in touch with the absolute Spirit, while he was lying in his garden under a bush. Moreover, religion is a force and not a philosophy.

Perhaps we are too material. The reign of the Dynamo has become imperial. The earth is conquered, the water and the air. We speed over the ground,—but whither? We fly above the clouds,—but to what end? And there is as much suffering now as in the so-called Dark Ages. For four years the servants of the Dynamo have destroyed one another,—and for what? When the Roman Empire had subjected all the peoples within its reach, when Augustus reigned in a Rome made splendid by architects, comfortable and hygienic by engineers, cultured by imported artists, sumptuous by slave labor,—then was the world most in need of a Saviour. Out of world-weariness, out of the decay of an overripe civilization the new era was born. As George Santayana has aptly said, ". . . the Gentile was sick of heroes and high priests and founders of cities. Stoic virtues were as vain in his eyes as Sybaritic joys. He did not wish his passions to be flattered, not even his pride or the passion for a social Utopia. He wished his passions mortified and his soul to be redeemed. He would not look for a Messiah, unless he could find him on a cross."

The empire of the Dynamo is much in the same need as the Roman Empire nineteen hundred years ago. Once more it needs

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a Saviour who justifies suffering, who sets the poor and lowly above kings and magnates, who makes the strife and honor of this world seem folly beside the cross and opens the gate to another world that can be surmised only in beatific visions. Once more this other world must become the real world of the heart, and in man's concentration upon it, the world of material progress must fade away. The disillusioned of 1924 cannot join in the lusty refrain of one of our American poets:

"Earth is enough,
We've got the stuff!"

There is a tendency among clergymen to emphasize the "efficiency" of Christianity, and in this way to recommend its use. They do not seem to realize that the cross is a symbol not of efficiency, but of renunciation. The Mediaeval Church, on the other hand, has built round the cross a sanctuary from the very world which the modern clergy are trying to serve. This sanctuary has been constructed into a world of its own, adorned with the most beautiful treasures that have been culled from the world outside,—with jewels, tapestries, embroideries, gem-like glass, carvings, and paintings that give to sense the reflections of invisible glories. Thus equipped and adorned, the Church has not only a transcendent reality, but a very tangible one, rich in tradition, beauty, and splendor.

Out of the desire for a real sanctuary from the cruelties and the frivolities of the world springs the desire for the real divine presence in the Sacrament. Not shadows and symbols, but real essences only will satisfy the nostalgia of the Mediaevalist: let rather the world outside cathedral walls be nothing but the shadow of a dream! Then, whether the dream be sad or merry, one can dream it fearlessly, knowing that, sooner or later, one will awake.

The Anglo-Catholic movement, then, seems to be no unintelligent reaction from scientific and progressive liberalism, but part of a genuine Mediaeval Renaissance, led by men both scholarly and sincere. The new Mediaevalism has manifested itself, though in very different forms, in non-English speaking countries. Italy has watched the critical philosopher, the editor of "Leonardo," retell in simple, touching language, the Story of Christ. In Central Europe the movement has turned into less

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ecclesiastical and more purely mystical channels. A symptom of this movement is the revived interest in two eighteenth century poets,—the tragic figure of Friedrich Hölderlin and the gentle Novalis whose hymns have a Catholic note:

"Ah, when he is mine,
Then the world's mine, too;
As a seraph at her shrine
Holds the Virgin's veil of blue—
Blissful, I adore,
Earthly things can frighten me no more."

Thus the Anglo-Catholic movement nearer home may be considered only a part,—perhaps the most definitive and organized part,—of a larger Renaissance. To the longings of the western world, reawakening after the stupor of brutalizing years, the new Mediaevalism means a flight for sanctuary from the Dynamo to the Virgin.

FARM BOY

HAROLD VINAL

This lad knows fields as well as anyone,
The spear of young grass lifting by a rill,
And arrowing bird above a sunny hill,
Tells him unfailingly March has begun.
This lad has eyes for furrows in the rain,
And tinge of keen earth in the days of Spring,
When buds swell and a wind begins to sing,
Then he must whistle back to it again.

They who are born on farms they know the way
Black trains spin through a valley at twilight,
The sound of loose carts rattling home at night,
Though nothing hold them still they want to stay
Close to the earth they love and seldom go
Beyond the wave mark left by the last snow.

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WHITE APES

Part Two

FANNIE HURST

In the first half of this story, Anne Trelease, a spinster of thirty-eight, a high school teacher living alone with a mentally deranged father, suddenly finds herself in love, for the first time in her life, with one of her pupils,—a crude youth, seventeen years her junior, who is more adept at football than at history. At the point where the story is resumed, the pair have returned from a precipitate elopement.

THE month had the shimmer to it of unreality. Its dazzle lay in Anne's eyes. Anne's happy eyes.

"Lope, you know I think I must be the happiest girl—person in all the world."

"Little bittsa thing, you."

"Just goes to prove, doesn't it, that when two people are made for each other, nothing in the world can keep them apart, not even the difference in our—."

She jerked herself up. Since the incredible morning after their marriage in Belleville, her consciousness of that disparity had been kept down like a jack in its box.

"Difference nothing. You're a kid, you are. A little bittsa young kid."

Young Anne! Why, she was aghast even at herself. It was not hard to be young as a kid when the heart was so light and knew with all its might, that above all, above everything, it must remain young.

Young Anne. To be so insistently young that the cheeks, even without the device of pinching them, were constantly pink and the eyes round and lit with sparkle long after the lids had sagged of fatigue. It was not hard, when the heart beat so high, to walk on feet that twinkled, or to keep the voice clear with the flute notes of being gay. Only sometimes it is true, Anne overdid.

All day, all day, about the house as if in rehearsal, her lifted little voice with the sing-song in it as if she were speaking with her lips tucked up close to some one's ear. As she would pres-

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ently, when Lope came home from the soda water factory. . . .

Even fat old Bea, whose defense of Anne had made a neighborhood hellion of her and kitchen doors slammed at her coming, would sometimes plunge her ears into the vise of her hands at the sing-song of Anne's voice. Essie, who was seventeen and had a black-eyed wink that was like a flash of wicked little lightning, danced in the lame old shadow of Bea and paraphrased to its lilt:

"Tralala-la! Cradle-snatching's just grand!"

"Essie, if I don't smack you off your feet!"

"Well, everybody's saying just what I'm saying, ain't they? Cradle snatcher."

Everybody was. In the lull after the first shock, Maple Avenue called and a few of the younger Waddel teachers, but in such a queer stilted fashion.

The subject of the occasions of these visits was of course Anne's marriage and yet no one talked about it. Just skirted all reference to it as if some one had died, and then they went away with the kind of hand-shakes that said, "Well, thank heaven, this visit is over."

And yet the days had the shimmer to them and when Lope came home in the evening from the soda pop factory, Anne, peeking out between the lace curtains, was like a little dog on a leash at the approach of his master, straining to be free of each additional moment that separated them.

Anne in the flutter of all her new little bows and new little authorities and new little eagernesses, dancing on tip-toe there between lace curtains, and Essie behind the pantry door mimicking and sniggering in a way that was not kind.

Well, granting that Anne did overdo it, the face that she finally raised to Lope could be tender as a flower and because he liked her littleness, she contrived to be very little indeed. So tiny that her skirts hit her far above the ankles and all the ash blond hair, by curling it very tight without combing it out, ran down her head in screw curls, and even though Essie, whose hair was black and strong and defiant, held her sides with laughing at it. Lope liked to straighten out these spring tight curls of Anne's, and watch them fly back into place.

"Curls are funny things. The idea of having all those cork-

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screws on your head instead of just short hair like mine. Girls —are—funny—."

The wonder of it. Lope who had never touched a curl or known a girl and who had spat on his hands while the boys, after touch-down practice, had boasted this feminine conquest and that; spat on his hands and figured out new touch-down tactics. The wonder of it now. Anne was soft as a kitten. His own teacher suddenly and delightfully helpless enough to be carried upstairs to their room in his arms. Not free and easy and smart-alecky like the co-eds at Waddel High. His Anne, her head all covered with the spring tight curls that were his to play with; her little wrists unhardened by tennis, like the co-ed's, and bound in those adorable black velvet bands.

That first month he carried her downstairs to breakfast and upstairs to bed and when they went out in the roadster, the seat beside him was practically empty. Anne cuddled up so in the niche his arm made as he guided the wheel, and every time they turned left she fell toward him and his embrace of her tightened.

In fact that came to be a game.

"Which way will we turn, Fan-Tan-Anne?"

"Left, darling."

"Yes, but I thought you said you wanted to drive in the park. We'll have to turn right, then."

"No, don't want park then, darling. Just want to turn left."

"Why?"

"Won't tell."

"Little bittsa thing."

"Lope darling—you hurt!"

Shimmering, shimmering month.

One wondered if the old man realized. The morning after Belleville they had told him, of course, as well as it could be told and he had let his old hand rest in Lope's when Anne placed it there, but it is doubtful if he comprehended. Certainly not enough to care. After that he never so much as glanced at Lope or heeded his comings or goings.

The day that the new circassian walnut bedroom set arrived and Anne moved from her old room over the back porch, and the second story front was converted from a living-room into a bedroom, and cretonnes went up in a pretty flash and Anne's

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silver toilet set and a silver framed photograph of Lope flashed out on the dresser, the old man had quite a bad spell. Just the sense of unease perhaps and the excitement of the furniture van and the running and slamming, but Anne was worn out, what with soothing him and getting the surprise of the bedroom complete for Lope's home-coming that night.

But by the time he did come, the old man was asleep and there waited the new room, the bright room, the positively blushing room. Pink cretonnes. Fresh painty smell of new furniture. The twin beds with such gay covers made just to fit and a tiny stand in between with an adorable reading lamp device of a china little girl holding a pink parasol.

"Gee, she's just like you," said Lope as he lumbered into bed and clicked on the little glow.

"I thought you would think that, Lope."

"Yes—little bittsa—old fashioned—."

Old fashioned! The word had a barb to it that bit. "Am I—old—fashioned—Lope—?"

"Sure you are. And I like you that way. Cute. Not fresh and independent like a regular girl. Excuse me from one of those sure-of-themselves regulars. Little bittsa old fashioned," he said and scooped her up in his great shaggy arm and the word became a benediction, as pink and as glowing as the lampshade itself.

It was slowly and from just such cues as that, and fortified by her acute consciousness of the precocity of this lovely thing that was hers, that Anne's campaign took shape.

Let Essie snigger and even Bea shrug, Anne's voice, from the moment she spied Lope, long-armed, shaggy, coming up the steps, was a babble of baby talk to be whispered to him with her lips close to the great lobe of his ear and her arms like tendrils.

But the tactics of her campaign, if not wholly admirable, were by no means fallacious.

What she said to herself was in substance just this: I have a better chance to hold my husband than a young girl might have under the same conditions. I see the dangers ahead and I am prepared in advance to sidestep them. I am neither arrogant nor hot-headed with youth, but humble because I must simulate youth. I see my way ahead more clearly than a younger person

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would. I can give my husband what he wants by learning to be what he wants and not by automatically being just that. I will consciously keep myself as young as he is and just a little bit younger.

And that is what she did. Often when they drove to Forest Park Highlands after dinner, it was Lope who tired first of the screaming joyous dips down the scenic railway or chute-the-chutes and the dizzying spin of the rubber ocean waves. Poor Anne, who hated to ride backward on street cars, with her head flaming and her palms all bitten up with the dig of her nails, she was last to give in, cuddling up to him and holding herself taut against each sickening swoop of the devilish devices.

Neither could Lope keep up with her dancing. She learned new steps to the graphaphone while he was absent during the day, sometimes dancing them down the stairs to meet him when he came in. And how she could laugh. The imitated, and it must be admitted, sometimes the simulated, giggle of a Waddel High co-ed. Maple Avenue heard that giggle, topped by a little squeal that was for all the world like a peanut whistle, and swapped closed-lip smiles from front-porch to front-porch. Was Anne a little off?

No. Lope liked it. For a while at least. For the first two months he kissed the prattle right off her mouth sometimes, carried her upstairs to bed to it and downstairs to breakfast and when he went off mornings, turned back every few seconds to the little waving handkerchief between the lace curtains and then pulled the lobe of his left ear with his right hand, which meant, "I love you." Sometimes long after he had turned the corner, Anne stood looking after him through the trees, her lips that had been kissed, tender.

And then one evening, the sixth or seventh week it must have been, just apropos of nothing at all, and no one more surprised than the boy himself, Lope, who ate in big scoopfuls, let fall his fork to his plate with a clatter, splattering potatoes.

"For the love of God, Anne, quit that giggling. It's awful!"

Lope had not known up to that point what was ailing him. What made him wriggle inside himself as if he had put on his winter flannels too soon. Suddenly, there at the dinner table, on that particular peanut-whistle, upward inflection, it came

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rushing over him. Anne's giggle. It was awful. Made her so silly looking with that thing coming out in her neck like a cord. Gee whiz, it was all right for one of the co-eds to giggle like that, but Anne, when it did that thing to her neck, like a cord coming through. . . .

And Anne. It was as if some one had thrown a bucket of ice-cold water over her, leaving her sitting there shivering and doused and with actually a drowned look on her face.

"Why—Lope—."

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Anne. It slipped out. I'm tired. Ought to have seen the way Uncle John put me through my paces today. I don't mind learning the soda pop business from the ground up, but the old man don't have to choke me to death on marble dust. You're cute as a whistle when you giggle, Anne. Honest, I'm tired, that's all."

"Anne's poor tired Lope. Anne rub him head?"

"Yaw—aw say—that's good—."

"Anne's old monkey-boy—Lope—."

"Say, that's immense. Rub further down. That'll put me to sleep if you rub long enough. Oh girl! Oh boy! That's good—."

With her eyes wide and full of the drowned look, Anne sat rubbing until the dusk came in and thickened up the room and obliterated it. But finally she had to cover the great sleeping hulk of Lope with the couch-throw and tip-toe into her father who was sitting by the window, whimpering and waving his eyelids and looking out through the trees. Anne knew what that meant.

* * *

The weeks that followed were apparently the same ones of bill and coo, and Anne, cruelly on her mettle, drew in her sails and only when Lope seemed dull or bored ventured to let them out again. Cautiously.

And at first Lope fought too. Even a little valiantly. Anne was a nice little thing. Oh, nice! It was horrible the way any one of her hundred little tricks of personality had suddenly begun to give him that tortured writhy feeling of the too early woolens. For instance, that cord in her neck. Of course, Anne couldn't help that, but every time she laughed or chewed beef steak it came out. Ugh. And there was something dry about

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her skin. It fitted her a little too loosely and one night, he could have sworn it, when Anne threw back her head to laugh, the roof of her mouth looked hard and shellacked. That was the night he put her down suddenly and went over to the window and dashed up the screen and sat on the sill with his head out of doors and the breeze in his hair for hours. For hours while Anne cried into her pillow and simulated sleep.

Then it got on a fellow's nerves, too. The old man blithering all the time about apes. To be sure he was a nut. Always seeing things, but just the same half the time Anne was in there soothing him to sleep. Of course it was cheaper, until he came into his own thirty thousand, living there without rent to pay, and really pleasant, the front room all lit up that way with the cretonnes, but good God. . . .

Good God, what? Lope did not quite know or was not ready to admit it. But he had a case of the horrors, sitting there on that window-sill, thirsty for the breeze that blew through his teeth and into his hair and Anne in bed, there, snivelling ever so slightly into her pillow.

* * *

One evening, tripping into the kitchen to see why Lope was so long in preparing them a lemonade, Anne drew back just in time to save herself from walking in on the spectacle of Essie, tip-toe in Lope's arms, her body braced by her hands clasped up about his neck and her saucy face with the eyes like quick lightning, held back from him and a little smeary from fresh kisses.

Well, Anne figured out through the tortured wakeful night that followed, why not? Lope's adolescence had been so languid. He was in the throes now of this inevitable little period that would pass like a summer storm. A clever woman analyzed a man's motives before she condemned them. Lope had no motives. Summer storm. Why, in the end it might even enhance the lovely thing that was theirs. Hers and Lopes. It was cleverer just to sit and wait and watch and steer. The first year full of its inevitable bad places would see them safely into the securer stability of the second.

The next day Anne went to a doctor. Secretly. Lope loved children. He was forever tousling the curly head of Buster Pocok and sometimes crossed the street with them, when the

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old man had to be reassured, and rode the youngster up and down on his great back and showed him the half-back crouch.

There was no reason why Anne could not have children. That knowledge which she brought away from her visit to the doctors kept her star-eyed for weeks. She never got very much beyond the point of visualizing herself with her cheek to Lope's rough coat and telling him almost with her heart-beat . . . but just the same it was sweet to hold the hope.

Somehow, though, it didn't happen that way. No reason. Just didn't. And some of the stars in Anne's eyes died out. But she lit new ones, resolutely.

She remembered somewhere she had heard once that if a woman chewed whortleberry leaves. Anne chewed . . . they were bitter. . . .

But really, if Lope could only have seen it. Here was a new Anne since her marriage. New authorities. New little rotundities of cheek and sheen of eye. The subtle new something that stiffened Anne's back when she said to a tradesman, "Send and charge to Mrs. Grover Stifel."

It was like dropping one of those dried Chinese lily bulbs into water and seeing it open and expand.

Stars in her eyes. Yes. But poor Anne. Poor Lope, too, for that matter. The cord in her neck that in spite of himself made him writhe and itch. Time came when he could not see beyond that. That and the inflexible roof to her mouth and the moist little saliva gleams in the corners of her mouth and her wrists, their bird-like fragility forever covered with the black velvet bands.

Good strong co-ed wrists didn't look so silly—and weak. Or saucy firm wrists like—aw—even like Essie's who had a beautiful blue vein running through each. And if only she wouldn't hold on so. Anne. Sometimes he had to pluck off her fingers one by one, like burrs.

One evening, winding hopeful arms up about him she said, "Lope darling, is 'oo tired again?" and before he knew it and because there was the sound of rushing water in his ears he yapped back at her, "Yes, damn you, of you," and pulled off all ten of the burrs of her fingers at a jerk and dashed out, leaving her standing there with that doused look of being drowned.

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After that there was no telling. Sometimes he rushed out of the house mornings before breakfast, not looking back once at Anne, agonizing there between the lace curtains, and never, never pulling at the lobe on his left ear any more. Once he pushed aside the old man mewling there beside the window with, "Let me alone with you and your damn apes. Let me out of here."

That was the time Anne flared and stood before him her teeth chattering as if they were so many dice, but blazing with her first defiance.

"Don't you dare! You! Great big boor you! Don't you dare talk to father like that!"

He kissed her then and wrung the old man's hand, who didn't comprehend at all and for a week, Anne who had known all along that out of this dreadful mid-channel of their first year they would come to clear sailing, began to light up once more with the stars in her eyes. And one evening they actually drove out to Forest Park Highlands again, and she cuddled up between his arm and the wheel and once on that sickening sweep of the chute-the-chutes he closed over her two hands with his one. It must have been a caress. All night long she lay in her bed with the little pink parasol lamp between them, cuddling that thought. It was a caress all right. Lope was not the one to close over her hands that way just because of the swoop of the chute-the-chutes. Toward morning, of exhaustion, she dozed, but awoke to the warmth of that last thought.

"Lope," she whispered and climbed in her little bare feet across into his bed. "Lope—last night—on the chute-the-chutes —when you took my hand—it meant darling, didn't it—that now everything is all right and—."

But Lope's bed was empty. He must have tip-toed up and out so as not to disturb her. Once or twice before when after a sleepless night she had dozed off that way, he had up and tip-toed out before breakfast. That was it, so as not to disturb her.

* * *

The end came rather suddenly. One such morning when Lope had tip-toed off that way, he did not return. It was scarcely a shock to Anne. Only a pain that seemed a twist in her heart, as if some one had plunged in a knife and was moving it back and

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forth like a brake. Dread must have made her prophetic, because somehow, as early as five o'clock that evening Anne began to watch between the lace curtains. Sure enough, at six he had not come. At seven. At eight, almost to the minute, a city telegram came.

"Do not expect me. Lope."

With her lax little wrist so hopeless that it would scarcely support the receiver, Anne telephoned Lope's guardian then, at the old family residence way down on South Grand Avenue.

The negro servant girl answered.

"Ella, this is Mrs. Stifel. Is Mr. Groot at home?"

"No'm. He's in Keokuk."

"Is—is my husband there?"

"Yas'm."

"I want to speak to him."

"Mistah Lope left word he can't come to 'phone for nobody. He's gwan to sleep."

"But Ella, tell him that—."

"No ma'am! I can't call Mistah Lope for nobody."

"For me—."

"Nobuddy—'specially not for you—."

"But Ella—."

"I'se sorry Mrs. Stifel—I'se got my orders—."

"Ella—hello—Ella—Ella—."

Anne there in the hot darkness beside the telephone, rattling the hook up and down, her face naked and the dry lips twisted back off her teeth. "Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!"

* * *

The frightened, pitying face of Bea. Essie, restrained. They were hard to bear and the neighbors' questioning eyes with the lids down low over them. To elude the eye of Bea and the neighborhood air of forced unconcern. Even the old process of guiding her father across the street to the Pocoks was a searing one.

"Well Miss Anne, how are you this evening? Mr. Stifel off on a little business trip?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's what we men folks are for, Miss Anne. Treat us rough. Make us work for you."

"Yes indeedy—Mr. Pocok—."

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"How's the old gentleman?"

"Fine Mr. Pocok. My, how Buster does grow. Come father, shake hands with Buster. . . ."

The street was kind and that hurt. Sometimes there were as many as three fluffy fruit pies sent over during the day and the Hedges who had a farm out in Meramac County, sent over corn on the cob all during that July. A stagnant breathless corn-ripening July.

Eventually of course, Anne did see Lope. After three unavailing visits to the soda pop factory and two to the South Grand Avenue home of John Groot, she took her husband unawares there one evening by the device of rushing through the kitchen past Ella's importunities and surprising Lope at reading the colored sport supplement on a couch in the old-fashioned plush and tasseled front parlor.

"Lope," she cried and went toward him like a soft pale wraith, "Oh Lope—my darling—."

He swung startled to the side of the couch, sleepy-eyed.

"Uh!"

"It's me, Lope. Anne."

"Oh Lord," he said, "Oh Lord," and threw his shoulders this way and that, in the half-sullen schoolboy way he had, "who the devil let you in?"

"Oh Lope, I've come to—."

"Well, you didn't need to. I'm busy."

"I know you are, dear. That's what I've wanted to talk to you about. To see if I couldn't help—."

"I don't want any help."

"Listen Lope, dear. Listen. I know I haven't been all—things haven't been all they could have, dear. We didn't have time—just getting started, dear. But now I've had leisure to think—to realize how many little ways there are to help you to—."

That was horrible, even to Lope who reddened up behind his ears and kept tossing his shoulders. Anne with her pale weak wrists and eyes that had become far too large for her face, debasing her little self there before the hulk of Lope.

"I've said everything I have to say. You started things once—started everything yourself—now you've got to leave me alone—."

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"Lope, Lope, don't say that! Whatever I've done that you didn't like I'm willing to undo. One thousand times. Anything you want dear, I'm here to do—anything." She tried to kiss his hand and that too was horrible to him, as much for her frailty as for his distaste of her, and with his head down as if he were charging, he lumbered to the folding doors, rumbling them back.

"Uncle John," he said, "come on in—don't know what she wants." And stood there like the great shamed schoolboy, shuffling his feet and taking position slightly behind his elder.

John Groot, in his shirt sleeves, pink arm garters and a peering, yankee, little-man's face, with a kick-up of beard, closed the folding doors carefully after him and regarded Anne over his glasses.

"Well, well, Anne," he said. "Sorry. But I could have told you this would happen."

"I know—Mr. Groot—Uncle Groot—how you've felt about it all along—naturally—but it's just as I've been telling Lope—."

"Tell her, Uncle—she won't believe me—you tell her—."

"We have got to let the boy alone awhile, Annie. He's done."

"But—."

"I've done my part persuading him, now that the thing is done, it may be just as well to grin and bear it and stick it out, but he's a Stifel through and through. Got his heart set on quitting and heaven and earth can't move him. I could have told you from the first that this would—."

"Lope—Lope—won't you please let me talk to you alone—this is awful—."

"Tell her, Uncle—go on—finish. She won't believe me. Just gets to snivelling—crying right away and I can't do anything with her."

"If I were you, I'd let Lope alone for a while, Anne. He's going out and open up a new territory for the firm soon now. Be gone until October. Let matters rest that way till he gets back. Maybe he'll come around all right by then Anne, but—."

"Aw cut that, Uncle—."

"But fact is, that right now he feels like he's made a mistake and marriage vows or nothing else can change him. I could have told you from the first—."

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"If you'd just let me talk to you alone, five minutes, Lope—darling—."

"You tell her the rest, Uncle. I've got to go. I've got somebody waiting for me downtown."

"Lope. Lope. For God's sake, Mr. Groot. Don't let him go. Lope—Lope."

"Make her let go, Uncle. She pinches!"

"Oh Lope—."

"I've got to go, I tell you!"

"Please Lope—please—."

Lope was gone.

"If I were you," Groot was saying between the great slashing blades of blackness that kept rising and falling before her eyes, blurring him and his words, "if I wereerere—youououou—I'd let Lope-e-e-e-e alone for a whil-l-l-l-e. He'll come ar-r-r-round all right later. But r-r-r-right now he fe-e-e-els like he's made-e-e a mistake. I could have-e-e-e told you—."

* * *

He'll come around all right later. Anne knew that, too. It made it endurable to take up the days again. The quiet, muffled, stock-still days. It was astonishing how quickly the old routine reasserted itself. Of course come September, Anne did not resume her teaching at Waddel High. Why, Anne would no more have showed her face there! Could no more have, for that matter. But just the same, the little lull to the days began again. That lull of routine, like the rock of a boat with a lateen sail. Bea with her market list scrawled on the telephone pad. The ordering to be done before breakfast. Her father's black string tie to be arranged. Every other Saturday afternoon that trip down to the Brotherly Bison office for the bi-monthly pension check. The days with almost the same old purr to them, except that the hours when Anne used to be teaching, she sat now in the bright new front room, with a bit of sewing. A bit of reading. A great deal of meditation.

Lope would come back. Calmly and definitely she knew that. It was just that meantime the old routine was terrifying. Almost like a cage that had been torn apart and the mesh slowly closing around her again.

And yet the new Anne persisted. The subtle, the insidious

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authorities. "No. The name isn't Trelease any more. Send and charge to Mrs. Grover Stifel. *Mrs. Stifel.*" The assertive sense of sisterhood when Mrs. Pocok sickened for her fourth baby and Anne was there until the doctor came. The flame to her cheek, but none the less the straightening to her back, when she chanced one day to encounter a Waddel High teacher in the drug store. Anne was not beaten. Her intuition flared with the knowing that one day Lope would come back. Striding through the trees—that dear long-armed lope of his. Lope, coming home.

In September, the dusks began to shorten, and with the early darkness the old man became more and more restive and the hot Indian summer evenings preyed on him, and when school opened the Pocok children were sent indoors early for homework and it was harder for Anne now to quiet him.

It was difficult. Anne with her own nerves frayed and tired. Sometimes for days they would sit there quietly, Anne and her father, in the motionless September dusk, hand in hand, indoors beside the open window, because even the faint damp of these tropical evenings could seep into the old man's brittle bones. And then, suddenly, apropos of nothing at all, the terrifying waving of eyelids.

"Daughter," he cried one night and gripped her so that she thought her wrist had snapped. "Hundreds of white apes tonight! But I'm ready for them this time," he shouted and jumped to his feet with a strength that amazed as much as it terrified, jerked off his little three-cornered shoulder shawl and made a lunge with his cane right through the fabric of the lace curtain. "Hey—you—dirty baboons, you! Get off that lawn. You big white one in front—you—get off—or I'll crash in your head. . . ."

"Father! Those aren't apes. It's the shadow from the street lamp in front of the Pocoks! Father—I say no!"

"I say yes! Get off. By God, get off my lawn. You come near me and if I don't beat up that baboon head—white ape—you! Big one—scat—by God—I'll crash—."

"Bea—Essie—quick—help—."

That was a bad night. About the worst. There was a red welt across Anne's forehead by the time they got the old man

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to bed and the sleeve to Essie's little waist was half torn out. "Don't cry, Essie. You mustn't be hysterical like that over father. He's so old Essie, and the doctor says the hallucinations are—are apt to be a little worse—sometimes. There dear, don't shiver and cry so."

Anne sewed in the sleeve and bit off the thread with her lips so close to Essie's firm white knob of shoulder that she kissed her there.

Essie, whom Lope had kissed. Sometimes burning hatred of her swept Anne, but then there was that inexplicable preciousness to having her there in the house. She was part of a perfume. She was a perfume. The perfume of Lope. Essie, whom Lope had kissed.

One day a type-addressed letter arrived with John F. Groot, Carbonated Water Company, on the envelope. Anne's ten eager trembling fingers, they made such a muss of opening it.

It was from Groot himself, with an enclosure.

> "Dear Anne—Before Lope left on a trip he is making for the firm, I advised him to do the right thing by you until such time as more definite arrangements can be made between you two. He will be gone until September thirtieth, so enclosed please find his check for two hundred dollars.
>
> Yours truly,
>
> JOHN GROOT."

Anne would no more have cashed that check. The pension money from the Brotherly Bisons and the income from her father's little nest egg and the remains, even after the circassian bedroom suite, of her own little savings, were sufficient. But the slip of paper waved aloft her days like a flag up a pole. Lope's check. Pay to the order of Anne Stifel—

Anne Stifel!

"Until such future time as more definite arrangements can be made between you two." More definite arrangements could be made. Easily. It was a difficult decision to reach because of the old man. But it could be managed. Anne saw her mistake now. When Lope returned September thirtieth they would rent one of those two-room efficiency apartments they were just completing at the corner of Maple Avenue and Roosevelt Street. Of course she would have to be at the house all day with her father, but evenings, when Lope came home to the efficiency—

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just the two of them—not even Bea or Essie. Oh, Anne had her plans for such future time as more definite arrangements could be made. . . .

Meanwhile September stood in the trance of Indian summer. The nights were like the breath of a fever patient. A little foul with heat. Stagnant. Miasmic. Almost, it seemed, with a rise of steam off them. The old man wore his shawl, though, in the evening. He shivered so, and there was no way to induce him to leave off sitting there beside the window, watching the dusk go off into the black swoon of a motionless evening.

The old man and Anne there beside him with the little scent of whortleberry leaves on her breathing.

Sometimes of mere inertia he fell asleep there quietly, and Anne and Bea had literally to boost him into bed. But frequently, more and more frequently, the old man was troublesome now. Frighteningly. And all that could pacify him was the refutation in Anne's voice. The scarifying refutation.

"Daughter, there they come! Through the trees. White ones —after me. By God—you big white one in front—if you kick up my lawn—."

"No, Father. Those are only shadows."

"Apes. White apes. That one there in front. He's after me. He wants to get those hairy arms of his around me—Baboon!"

"No, Father. No!"

"Yes, by God, yes—."

"No, I say, Father. No, no, no."

"Apes—."

"No, no, no."

It was surprising. Sometimes Anne's little voice with its peanut-whistle note, could become a boom. Powerful, convincing refutation.

And it was that certain note that could quiet the old man. Anne knew it and sometimes it tore her throat until she found the right pitch.

"No, Father. No, Father. No, no, no."

That was the way they could get him to bed when he fell back surrendering to the boom of conviction in that voice.

But one evening when the maple leaves were falling in that five-fingered fashion they had, this happened:

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"Anne," cried the old man and shot up in his chair, "there's a white ape after me. By God, if he comes up that terrace I'll bash in his face with this cane. By God, there's twenty of them —thirty—skulking back there through the trees. Damn white faces. You! Look at them, Anne. Out there. White bellies. Skulking. Look at them Anne."

"Father!"

"Look! Do you see?"

"No, Father."

"Look!"

"Why—why, Father—."

"Yeow! Now! You do see them, don't you? I knew you would. There they are. Skulkers. You see them now. You see them now."

Anne did. Sitting there with her gaze sucked up against the horror of what she was seeing, Anne did.

"Yeouw—now is your old father crazy—you see them, too!"

It was as if her heart were the clapper of an enormous bell and some one had swung from it with both hands stopping its beat. Sure enough! Horribly. Out there through the trees—skulking —the dim anthrapoid faces—sketchy—but the soft thud of their loping unmistakable. Flabby thunder.

"Oh God—Father—."

"Now, was I fooling you, Daughter! Watch me wallop that white one in the fore. He's the one I'm after. That damn bald face of his. See him, Anne—the white-faced, white-bellied one—."

"I—Father—God—."

"See him!"

"N-no—Father—n-no—."

"You do! Don't lie to me any more. I know you see him but you're afraid to say so. Quit lying to me! Now do you see him! Now—."

"N-no—."

"You do, by God! That little squawky voice of yours doesn't fool me. This is one time you see them. You do! You do! You do!"

"No, Father, I—I—."

"By God," the old man lunged, then, toward something,

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toward Anne probably and struck himself against the window-sill so that he crumpled up like a limp sack of grain.

That was how they got him to bed, toting him like a sack. Essie and Anne and Bea. Anne's pallor—it shone so. Shone of cold sweat.

The doctor came and put a wet dressing on the old man's hip abrasion and gave Anne a sedative powder and sent her to bed so that she slept in the motionless fashion of the drugged, who seem sometimes not to breathe at all.

It all seemed less horrible in the light of next day as if the good sleep had drowned something out of her eyes. The idea, letting her nerves get the best of her—.

But she was easily mistress of the old man's next bad spell, booming out her denial so that he crumpled up quickly into the quiet of conviction.

"See—see—they're after me."

"No, Father. I tell you, no."

With her nails in her palms she looked out. Trembling, it is true, but straight as a die, her gaze through the trees. Her eyes felt so clear. And sure enough, there were only the shadows cast by the street lamp.

"I tell you the white faced one—."

"No. You hear me, Father. When Anne tells you no, Anne means just that! Those are the shadows cast by the trees."

"Then take me to bed, Daughter. I'm tired—so tired—."

That was how Anne conquered him, looking out through the trees at the shadows, with her head very high and the nails in her palms and her eyes very round and full of their prayer to be clear.

Once, maybe twice after that, it was hard to boom out with her voice. The loping white forms with the padded thunder of their approach. Sometimes—oh God, sometimes—in spite of all the little prayers that her eyes might be clear of them—sometimes you couldn't help seeing—.

"Look, Daughter, look! See?"

"N-no—Father."

"You do, by God. You see them again!"

"No—Father—."

"You do!"

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And then the supreme effort of "NO—NO—NO—NO, Father—NO."

That was the note in her voice that got him.

* * *

On the twenty-ninth of September Anne wrote her carefully planned note to Lope and Steve Pocok earned twenty-five cents for delivering it by hand to the South Grand Avenue address.

> "Dear Lope," it read. "You will be home the twenty-ninth and I want you to find this waiting for you. Please, the very moment you receive it, come. I promise not to telephone you. I have something very important to say to you dear, and I am sure that when you hear it you will agree that all our troubles are over and a very wonderful time ahead for us both. I will be waiting, dear.
>
> Your Anne."

The day rounded itself out somehow. By noontime:

Probably he went directly to the office from the train. I suppose I should have sent the note there.

By dinner-time:

Well, the Groots have six o'clock dinner. By the time Lope has a bite and washed off the train dirt. . . .

By eight o'clock:

Maybe Lope's train had been late. Maybe—a wreck! Oh God—maybe that! A wreck! Under such conditions she might break her promise. Must! The agony of the thought of that wreck. Lope lying somewhere—bleeding—needing—if she dared! In spite of her promise—if she dared to walk around to the drug store telephone, away from the prying ears of Essie and Bea—.

"Father dear, it's getting late. Aren't you ready for bed now?"

For answer the old man leaped up bellowing. Anne had not noticed the eyelids.

"By God—this time I've got him. Now you—now you—. Stand behind me, Anne, with your arms around my waist in case he tries to drag me out. Now you—Anne—steady—ready—."

Poor Anne, so startled, so pale and so goosefleshed with shivering.

"Father, what? Where?"

"Out there! See them. Galloping. By God, if you don't see them I'll make you see them with your eyes hanging out. That white one there—with the belly—you see him all right."

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"Why—why—."

"See!"

"Why—why yes, Father—I do see him. I do!"

"Yeouw! We see him. Stand ready, Anne—that white one in front—we'll get him—."

"Are you sure, Father—."

"Am I sure. That white belly? Could I mistake it. Stand ready, Daughter. Are you ready—do you see him?"

"Father, Father I see him, only I can't make out—what is it—."

"The ape, Daughter—the hairy white—."

"It's Lope, Father—isn't it, out there through the trees—I can't make out."

"The ape!"

"Is it, Father, or is it Lope? Isn't that terrible, I can't make out which it is. Lope or—or—."

"It's the ape, I tell you. Stand ready, Daughter, stand ready, it's the ape—."

"Is it, Father? Are you sure—sure that it isn't Lope out there through the trees? His arms—so shaggy—like Lope's. Tell me, Father, if you love me. Which is it? Which?"

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COOLIDGE AND THE POLICE STRIKE

HORACE GREEN

"THERE is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time." These words of Governor Coolidge are the text of the final installment of Mr. Green's biographical sketch of the President in which, by assembling new documents, he seeks to show that Mr. Coolidge in his handling of the Boston Police Strike, which prepared the way for his nomination to the Vice-Presidency, did not wait to lean on public sentiment but acted according to a strict consistent policy.

WITHIN the next few weeks the name of Calvin Coolidge will undoubtedly be placed before the Republican Nominating Convention at Cleveland. During the next five years, in my belief, he is likely to remain President of the United States. Under these circumstances politicians will review the event which admittedly flashed Coolidge's name into national prominence. Whether, but for the Boston police strike, he would have reached the Presidency at another time is idle speculation, since numerous other personalities and hypothetical factors must be taken into consideration. Coolidge *is* President. We are concerned only with the causative event.

With the controversy and the ringing proclamations issued by the "Law and Order" Governor, the country is familiar. But the country does not know what was going on behind the scenes. In the space permitted there follows a documentary summary of the strike, giving (1) conclusions, (2) synopsis of evidence, (3) summary.

There has come into the writer's possession the minute by minute affidavit of the Intelligence Department covering the evening and night of that memorable September 9, 1919. He has also the entire correspondence which passed between Governor Coolidge,[1] the late Edwin U. Curtis, at that time Police Commissioner of Boston, and the then Mayor, Andrew James Peters. It may be permitted to review this threadbare question, if for no other purpose than to analyze those letters, together with the report of Henry Follansbee Long, later Tax Commissioner of the Commonwealth. Mr. Long, it is true, was Governor Coolidge's secretary; but the facts as such, of this document have been ad-

*These letters are usually in confirmation of telephonic communication, in other words, the paper record.

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mitted by members of the Citizens' Committee such as its chairman, James J. Storrow.

Fair treatment is of necessity argumentative, evidential. One of the earlier biographers carefully avoids mentioning the name of Mayor Peters,—about as convincing as the analysis of a football game in which only one team is mentioned. Few events have been subject to more acrimonious discussion; few are less capable of partisan solution. Peters played an active and efficient part throughout. But after studying the complete documents we pronounce that Mayor Peters deserves entire credit for breaking the back of the strike, we are wrong. If we say that Commissioner Curtis was the sole strike-breaker, we are also wrong; if we give to President Coolidge all the praise, we are equally wrong. The indisputable fact is, that Public Opinion, acting through press and Mayor and Governor,—Public Opinion aroused as sharply and unanimously as few local events in American history have aroused it,—broke the back of the strike within the forty-eight hours between 5:30 P.M. Monday night, September 9, 1919, when the policemen walked out, and the Wednesday evening of September 11.

Coolidge's primary contribution was to focus the sentiment first of the State, then of the nation, on the issues involved, and with the crystallization of Public Opinion, to press them in a never-to-be-forgotten way. He had thought out those very phrases by which in proper time he galvanized the electorate.

A second conclusion with which those who have studied Coolidge's mental habits will agree, is that before, during, and after the strike, he behaved altogether as we should expect of him. We have by this time learned, as Frank W. Stearns learned long ago, that throughout Coolidge's career, patience of investigation, seeming indecision, followed by speed of action when the decision is reached, are fundamental traits. Just as we found first the State Legislator, then the State Senator, pondering in hall bedroom number 60 the political philosophy to which, when the proper time came, he was to give sudden and clear expression, so in the great test of 1919 he kept both phrase and militia on the leash until its use was necessary beyond shadow of a doubt.

According to the peculiar provisions of the Boston charter the

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Police Department is under direction of a Commissioner appointed by the Governor. The Acts of 1885 provide that in certain contingencies the Mayor may take control of the police, and "in case of actual or threatened tumult, riot or mob" the Mayor (or other prescribed officials) may call out such part of the State Guard as is within the City of Boston.

It must be emphasized that the sole issue involved (and the issue never changed notwithstanding much public discussion of other issues not involved) was *whether the police force as a body should be allowed to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor.*

On August 26, 1919, the Commissioner placed on trial nineteen leaders for violation of his promulgated ruling against joining unions. Before Curtis' decision was handed down, Mayor Peters had appointed an impartial "Citizens' Committee of 34," headed by the prominent Boston banker, James J. Storrow. The report of this committee, as not generally appreciated outside of Massachusetts, was a compromise. It permitted the police to maintain their own local union, but not to affiliate with the A. F. of L. It also urged no discrimination against any member of the Boston Police Union because of *previous affiliation* with the A. F. of L.,—in other words, a verdict of not guilty upon the men already on trial. Had it been accepted, the strike presumably would have been averted.

Mayor Peters could do nothing but approve the compromise. Police Commissioner Curtis, stoutly backed by Coolidge, refused to consider it. On September 6, Peters wrote to Curtis, "The report commends itself to me as a wise method of dealing with the project. . . ." On September 8, Commissioner Curtis wrote to Mayor Peters that this report could not be considered "as having relation to the present duty of the Commissioner to act upon the complaints now pending before him."

On the same day, the day before the strike, Mayor Peters again urged this compromise on Coolidge. Coolidge thereupon wrote the letter below, which taken in its entirety, is significant. It is particularly significant in view of the belief in some quarters that Coolidge hung back, compromised with labor, dared not act. On the contrary, it was his refusal of intervention when a vital principle was at stake which hastened the strike.

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September 9, 1919.

Hon. Andrew J. Peters,
Mayor's Office, City Hall, Boston.

My dear Mr. Mayor:

Replying to your favor and to the suggestions laid before me by yourself and certain members of your committee, it seems to me that there has arisen a confusion which would be cleared up if each person undertakes to perform the duties imposed upon him by law.

It seems plain that the duty of issuing orders and enforcing their observance lies with the Commissioner of Police and with that no one has any authority to interfere. We must all support the Commissioner in the execution of the laws.

Regarding the matter of improvements in the condition of employment in the Police Department of Boston, the law requires that they be initiated by the Mayor and City Council, subject to the approval of the Commissioner. . . . If justice requires improvements in conditions of employment, I believe such improvements, or such parts thereof as can be, should be made forthwith, accompanied by a statement that such additional improvements will be made at the earliest possible time and without reference to any other existing conditions in the Police Department.

There is no authority in the office of Governor for interference in the making of orders by the Police Commissioner or in the action of the Mayor and the City Council. The foregoing suggestion is therefore made, as you will understand, in response to a request for suggestions on my part. *I am unable to discover any action that I can take.*

Yours very truly,
(Signed) CALVIN COOLIDGE.

An interesting, but uncorroborated, glimpse is given into the Governor's mind at this period before the actual walk-out. The Governor's Chamber at the State House is rather more impressive than the President's private office in Washington. Bear in mind that Coolidge felt it his duty to let the strike come if it must, rather than avoid it under certain conditions. Yet he is overheard to have asked a visitor, "Is there a right to strike against the public safety at any time?" Wherein is seen the germ of the idea later put into ringing form.

The last sentence of the disputed September 9 letter, "I am unable to discover any action that I can take," has been lifted from the context, misconstrued, probably with intent, into the meaning that Coolidge was afraid to meet the situation. Precisely the opposite is the case. *He would take no action to avoid the situation.* With the principle that public servants responsible for the safety of the city could not divide allegiance with an outside

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federation every one, including Peters and the Citizens' Committee, had finally agreed. But Commissioner Curtis and Coolidge went further. They said any compromise by the loyal members of the force,—that is to say, a promise to unionize locally, if at all, —could have no reference to the men already on trial. To this conviction Coolidge clung, strike or no strike. And the strike came.

A little after 5:00 P.M., Tuesday, September 9, 1919, 1,117 patrolmen out of 1,544 walked out. The strike was accomplished as follows, according to the minute by minute record of the Intelligence Department. Excerpts follow:

> 5:11 P.M.—A. Di Rago reported that at Station 16 practically 90 per cent of the men on this shift had quit their posts. (Stations 4, 2, and 1 followed.)

Rioting did not, as generally believed, break out immediately; and it is to be emphasized that only in case of *actual* or threatened tumult, riot or mob can troops be called either by the Governor or the Police Commissioner. The Secret Service findings continue:

> 11:10 P.M.—R. O. Dalton reported all quiet on Tremont Street and the Common, except for a crap game going on on the Mall opposite the Park Street Church. 11:15 P.M.—T. Curry reported by telephone from South Boston that car on which he was traveling was held up, stoned by a mob and the people driven from the car, it being the second car so held up. 11:25 P.M.—J. A. Hasselbrook reported from Scollay Square that a crowd was gathering, ugly, and looked like trouble. 11:30 P.M.—A. Di Rago reported that the glass in the window of a clothing store on Washington Street, facing Friend Street was broken and the goods removed from the window. 11:45 P.M.—J. A. Hasselbrook reported from Scollay Square that a mob was in control of the square, and was moving up Tremont Street. P. L. Smith returned to the Adams House. R. O. Dalton proceeded on down towards Scollay Square. The mob, being driven by the Metropolitan Park Police, came up Tremont Street. Special informant, name not ascertained, reported trouble at Dover Street. About this time a report that marines and sailors on their way from Charlestown Navy Yard. Noise and general disorder, but not much violence prevailed until sunrise. (Affidavits and sworn signatures follow.)

The night of September 9, therefore, passed without the summoning of troops, either local or state. In the morning a sight not beautiful met the eye. Lawlessness continued, license ran wild. Indication of intense feeling is now given. The formal correspondence is relieved by a dash of humor. Poor old Curtis, who had stood the brunt of the attack, writes to the Mayor on

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the morning of the 10th, "I am of the opinion that tumult, riot or mob *is* threatened" and that "Your Honor may act under Chapter 327 of the Statutes," etc.

Simultaneously Coolidge had written to Peters: ". . . I am awaiting any request you desire to make, and the Adjutant General is prepared to execute such request forthwith."

The Mayor had already issued a proclamation assuming control of the police; and in addition requested the Governor to order "not less than three regiments of infantry to report at places specified not later than 5 P.M." The Governor, approached according to Hoyle, did not wait until 5:00 o'clock. He ordered the A.G.O. to mobilize three regiments forthwith. This was September 10, the morning of greatest rioting.

Now comes an even more violent discussion than that concerning responsibility for the strike. It is the question who put down the strike? The anti-Coolidge pendulum swung highest in the post mortem attack of the New York "Nation." The attack was based primarily on that part of the Citizens' Committee report which says, "By Thursday morning order had generally been restored in the city. On Thursday afternoon, September 11, the Governor assumed control of the situation, as indicated by his proclamation of that day."

According to "The Nation's" interpretation, "The Governor, who up to that moment had been unwilling to assist in preventing the strike, . . . now took his first public action." Also, "Governor Coolidge sat discreetly on the fence until he saw on which side public sentiment was gathering. When this had manifested itself distinctly against the police, and after Boston's danger had been averted, Governor Coolidge climbed down from the fence on the side with the crowd and issued a bombastic proclamation needlessly mobilizing the entire State Guard."

In an editorial on the opposite page of this publication, which explains that it "is not actuated by hostility toward Mr. Coolidge," appears the following restrained comment: "And now the Presidency sinks low, indeed. We doubt if ever before it has fallen into the hands of a man so cold, so narrow, so reactionary, so uninspiring, and so unenlightened, or one who has done less to earn it, than Calvin Coolidge. A child of marvelous fortune, he becomes the thirtieth President of the United States because

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of a newspaper fiction which falsely presented him to the country as a great and vigorous personality who in a dark and troubled hour had saved Boston from a strike *misrepresented* (italics are the writer's) as a wanton blow at law and order by some of its duly constituted authorities."

For the other side of the shield,—and the version generally accepted by the country,—one must again turn to Commissioner Long. He continues: "During the middle of the second day, September 11, conditions were in such a state of disorder that the Governor saw he must take charge of the situation." He was advised by the Attorney-General that he could legally issue his famous proclamation calling out the entire State Guard.

Behind the scenes there took place important proof that the strike was not yet broken; for while the Governor was preparing, but before he had issued his proclamation, he was interrupted by eighteen men and women leaders of labor unions, representing 80,000 members of the key industries. Their plea was impassioned, threatening. He was given choice of reinstating 1,117 policemen, or a general strike calculated to tie up water and surface transportation, telephones and business activities throughout Greater Boston. He repeated his support of the Police Commissioner and "stood silent until the labor spokesmen had gone out." It is now, of course, known that the Greater Strike did not materialize.

Upon the third phase of the strike,—who pressed the victory to its conclusion; who refused, under pressure and threat, to reinstate the striking policemen, who clearly and simply stated the issues involved; who concentrated public approval upon the precise truths which everyone vaguely realized* but wanted to hear emphatically blazoned from the house-tops,—there can be no argument. It was Coolidge and Coolidge alone. Coolidge's answer to his own question was now flashed from sea to sea. His ultimatum to Gompers, "*There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time*" will perhaps be remembered with the great phrases of American history.

Moves for reinstatement were immediately instituted by and on behalf of the striking policemen. The Governor instructed

*For an excellent elaboration of this idea, see Edward E. Whiting's *President Coolidge: A Contemporary Estimate.*

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the Police Commissioner to fill the places of the 1,117, having been advised by the Attorney-General that "the situation amply warrants a finding by you . . . that the police in question have abandoned their offices." The Labor fight, as will be recalled, was taken up by Samuel Gompers, who requested by telegram that action on the 1,117 be held in abeyance until after President Wilson's labor conference on October 6th. Coolidge's answer can be boiled into the sentence: "I shall support the Commissioner in the execution of order."

Gompers' ultimatum is contained in two sentences: "The question at issue is not one of law and order, but the assumption of an autocratic and unwarranted position by the Commissioner of Police, who is not responsible to the people of Boston, but who is appointed by you. Whatever disorder has occurred is due to his order in which the right of the policemen to organize has been denied."

Coolidge cut to the heart of the question in his now famous answer, to which there was (and could be) no reply:

"*The right of the police of Boston to affiliate has always been questioned, never granted, is now prohibited.* The suggestion of President Wilson to Washington does not apply to Boston. Your assertion that the Commissioner was wrong cannot justify the wrong of leaving the city unguarded. That furnished the opportunity; the criminal element furnished the action. *There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time. . . .*"

Recapitulation

In the period leading up to the strike Police Commissioner Curtis, backed by Coolidge, took a firmer position than Mayor Peters and the Citizens' Committee. The foremost praise,—if praise is due,—for the endeavor to prevent the strike should go to Peters. Both parties agreed that the police should not affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. Peters and the Citizens' Committee, rather than permit a strike, would pardon seventeen offenders already on trial. Curtis and Coolidge, rather than swerve from a threatened principle, would face a strike. And the strike came. Until this moment public opinion was divided.

For failure to quell disorder promptly,—if there was such

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failure,—divided authority and the peculiar provisions of the Boston charter are responsible. But it must be remembered that there was no appreciable rioting until eleven P.M., September 9, 1919. Thereupon and thereafter all parties concerned acted with all speed permitted by statutory technicalities. Before the storm broke, Governor Coolidge played a sound, cautious and thoroughly characteristic part. When the breaking storm made his course clear, he acted with equally characteristic firmness. By Coolidge supporters, many extravagant statements have been made obviously unfair to Mayor Peters. All parties concerned acted with regard to the public welfare.

In firmly handling and breaking the threatened after-strike, in teaching the lesson to labor, and above all in riveting national attention on the basic principles involved,—principles with which statesmen have dilly-dallied for the past fifteen years,—President Coolidge, alone, as America knows, led the way.

On the evening of Saturday, June 12, 1920, Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts sat in the same bedroom overlooking the same courtyard of the old Adams House. A thousand miles off in Chicago's Convention Hall there had just occurred one of those refreshing and dramatic events that are seldom seen in organized politics. The exhausted and sweating delegates, having for ninety-two hours followed the orders of their leaders, refused to stay in harness. Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin had been slated for Vice-President. But when Judge McCamant of Oregon shouted the name of a certain Governor of Massachusetts, who "*is big enough and sound enough to be President of the United States, should occasion arise,*" (the words were prophetic) he was met with a roar of approval and an avalanche of 674 votes on the first ballot.

In the Adams House the telephone rang. Coolidge took the message, turned to his wife, and said a single word: "Nominated!" Crossing his knees, he wrote the penciled memorandum, facsimile of which is reproduced in this issue. From that moment the life of Calvin Coolidge became a Federal affair.

In the January chapter on "Coolidge at College," first paragraph, after the phrase "reversible cuffs" there should have been added "according to Washburn." Robert M. Washburn, the "intimate of later years" was one of the President's colleagues in the Massachusetts Legislature and author of *Calvin Coolidge; His First Biography.*

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INSURANCE AGAINST WAR

VICTOR OSCAR FREEBURG

WHEN the Bok peace prize award was announced there was a chorus of disappointment that the winning plan did not present an idea more novel than the League of Nations. There is novelty, however, in the plan proposed here by a candidate not eligible for the Bok competition, the Governor of the island of Gotland in the Baltic. His plan is a vast international insurance fund to which every nation shall contribute five dollars per inhabitant, to be forfeited in case of war.

THE dramatic mobilization of ideas on the subject of world peace which has been going on under the adroit generalship of Mr. Bok is a lesson in popular psychology. It tells us, not that the American people suddenly in the summer of 1923 became so terrified at the thought of wars that very fear begot 22,165 plans for peace which were all presented in the same temple on the same day; no, not that, but rather that the hearts of American peace plotters beat as one when the news came that a wealthy gentleman was going to give $100,000.00 to the writer of the best essay on peace. It was the lure of money that made the typewriters rattle, while soldiers lay dreaming of bonuses.

Meanwhile who knows how many men there are in other quarters of the globe who are silently mulling over the problems of war and peace, and who, not being Americans, have had no opportunity to join in the scramble for Mr. Bok's money. I know of one such man who deserves a story. Far away in the Baltic Sea on the Swedish island of Gotland, he sits, in the shadows of the sturdy military walls and towers of Visby. Visby, you must know, is famous for its beautiful medieval ruins, and in the days of its Hanseatic glory the city was so rich that "the swine drank from silver troughs." He is the governor of the island, and his name is Gustaf Roos. Something in the atmosphere, which seems fraught with memories of ancient battles and stolen treasure, has inspired in Governor Roos the unusual idea that the way to make wars less desirable on the part of a cruel and aggressive state is to give the innocent state a lot of money to win the war. Money will work against wars, he thinks, while moral ideals beat their wings in vain.

As Governor Roos could not under the rules send his plans to

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the Bok Committee I have undertaken to present them in outline to the American public through THE FORUM.

In a nutshell, the Governor of Gotland proposes to the nations of the world to set up an international fund to which each nation shall contribute five dollars per inhabitant. In case any nation does not play fair the resources of this enormous fund shall be used in war against it. The author of the plan believes that a nation will think more than twice before imperiling so huge a stake. The aim of the Institute for Insurance Against War, according to the Preamble of the Articles, is to encourage "negotiations and reconciliation" by giving "economical advantages to the peaceable state willing to negotiate, and disadvantages to the one declining a peaceable settlement."

Regarding the organization of the Institute it is enough to say that Governor Roos has modeled it closely on the League of Nations. The most important factor in the Institute is the Council, since it is to be entrusted with the delicate problem of deciding what belligerent nations are to have financial aid from the Institute, and how much money is to be thus awarded.

Assuming that the Council of the Insurance Institute is properly constituted of a number of impartial and able judges with full authority to take immediate and final action, we want to know upon what grounds they are to decide that one particular nation shall receive substantial financial help in carrying on its war. In the Articles no provision is made for subsidy except in the cases where war has broken out between a member-state and a non-member. Regarding disputes between members the Articles say simply that they must settle their troubles by arbitration, and that in certain cases the Council shall appoint the court of arbitration. His "Article X" reads in full as follows:

> "If war should break out between a Member of the Institute and another State, the Council should immediately take into consideration which of the belligerent states has been the cause of the war, especial importance being attached to the following circumstances:
> On one side
> Readiness of a party to refer to a court of arbitration the question that caused the conflict,
> Readiness of a party to submit to the judgment of the court, and other circumstances showing the peaceable mind of a party;
> On the other side
> Which party has first violated the territory of the other state."

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Connecting with the above is the first sentence of Article XI, which reads as follows:

> "If the party that, according to the opinion of the Council, is not the cause of the war, should be a Member of the Institute, the Council shall decide that subsidies should be given this party to help him in the war."

After the Council has decided that a state is innocent, or, at least sufficiently innocent to deserve a subsidy, it remains simply for the Board of the Institute to carry out orders and pay that state ready money, guarantee a loan, or assist it financially in some other way (Article XII). How big would the subsidy be? Governor Roos suggests in his manuscript lecture that it might be, say, $2,000,000,000 or even as high as $5,000,000,000. Should the subsidized state win the war and collect indemnities for losses suffered, the Institute may demand that all, or part of the subsidy, shall be returned (Article XI).

But where would the money come from in the first place? It would come from the nations that join the Institute. The plan of Governor Roos, as already stated, is that upon becoming a member each nation shall pay in money or in the form of a bond Five Dollars per capita of population. That is, it would cost the United States upwards of $600,000,000 to join, and, providing this were all paid in money, there would be no further assessments. If the membership fee is in the form of a bond, the state, according to Article II, "shall pay an annuity of five per cent, whereof four per cent of the amount not paid shall be interest and the rest amortization." The United States would thus have to pay about $30,000,000 per annum, and according to Governor Roos, it would take about forty-one years to complete amortization. But the author of the plan remarks that the cost does not seem so high if one considers that the very existence of the Institute would tend to decrease the military expenses of a nation.

Governor Roos calculates that the "interest on interest" will pay the running expenses of the Institute. Assuming that a number of nations aggregating a total population of 400,000,000 join the Institute, says Governor Roos in his lecture, and that wars come every twenty years, the subsidy possible for each war would be about $2,000,000,000. Or if the nations which now

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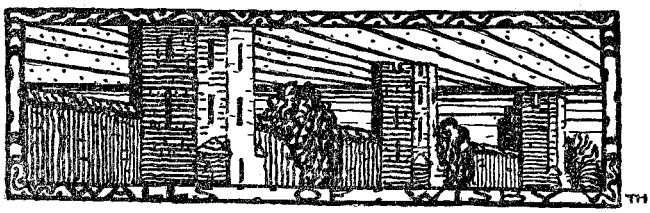
are in the League of Nations were to join the Institute, he says, there could be a subsidy of over $5,000,000,000 for a war every twenty years.

But the purpose of Insurance Against War is to promote peace, and it may indeed happen that through long periods the Council is not called on to grant subsidies. The funds of the Institute would then grow rapidly, and the members of the Institute might wish to participate individually in the earnings. Hence it is provided in Article II that whenever the amount of the available assets exceeds 300 per cent of the principal fund the surplus shall be distributed among the members on a pro rata basis.

Such is in substance and intent the Roos plan for Insurance Against War. Its author does not offer it as a panacea for the world's political ills, but rather as a contribution to the discussions now so actively going on. As for the term "insurance" in the title, he admits that the benefits derived from the Institute would not be the same as under insurance in the usual sense. Well, then, call it whatever you will; the idea is, I take it, that money shall be mobilized and sent to war in the cause of peace. Nor does Governor Roos intend that the Institute shall supplant the League of Nations. The two bodies can cooperate. It may be of interest to add that Hjalmar Branting, twice premier of Sweden, and member of the Council of the League of Nations, has discussed the plan with Governor Roos and writes that it is "so well worth examining that it is with great pleasure I give it my best recommendation. . . . I wish earnestly to recommend the carrying on of the preparatory work, in order, if possible, to arrive at a practicable line of action on the basis of this insurance plan."



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VICTIMIZING THE FARMER

Arthur Capper

WE SHOULD use an economic spirit-level and set about reducing the inequalities in costs between producer and consumer, says the Senator from Kansas. The farmer is the victim of conditions which lessen the value of his dollar. He is at the mercy of violent price upheavals and needs, among other aids, dependable information as to world market conditions to defend himself against market manipulators. This could be accomplished by a government marketing corporation.

THE farmer asks no special favors of Congress. No thinking American wishes the Government to adopt any industrial group to the detriment of the others,—least of all does the farmer desire it. He is not seeking adoption as the pampered foster child of a paternal government. All he asks is a square deal, a proper meshing of economic adjustments. Existing maladjustments keep the farmer out of his own. Nineteen million people in this country traffic in the products of thirty-four million farmers. These nineteen million get two dollars for every dollar the farmer gets. Means must be found to give the farmer a fairer share. He must get a fair price for his production,—a price not measured in dollars and cents, but in purchasing power. Today, the value of the farmer's dollar, in terms of other commodities, is about seventy-five cents. The farmer's dollar must be restored to a value on par with other dollars.

There must be a fairer relationship between the results of the farmer's labor and the results of the labor of others. The public has not realized that the nation has passed into a new economic era in which the balance between agriculture and other industries must be more carefully safeguarded. The farmer has had forced upon him an increased cost of production which he is powerless to pass on to his customer. He is the only man in business today who is in that position.

The business of the farmer is basic. If it is healthy it stimulates all other business, because from it pours a full, strong stream of the life blood of commerce. If it is sick, the poison of its illness courses through the veins of commerce.

This big industry has been sick since 1920. Government figures

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prove it. Secretary Wallace's recent report says twenty-three per cent of the farmers in fifteen wheat-producing States are either bankrupt or have been saved from actual bankruptcy only by the leniency of their creditors. A million farmers are leaving the farm every year, swarming to the cities. Year after year, losses break the farm morale and the retreat promises to become a disastrous rout. While we cannot recoup the farmer for the great losses sustained during these years, we can take measures to put him in a better bargaining position and stop his losses. In view of these facts and conditions, the Government is justified in undertaking to bring about a fairer relationship between the prices of the things the farmer sells and the prices of the things he buys.

For many years the farmer has been the sole big producer who has not had a voice in determining the sale value of his product. He is the only man in business in this country today who must accept what is offered him for his products while compelled to pay what others ask him for their products. As an inevitable result, prices received by the farmer for his products are entirely out of balance with the price of practically everything he must buy. When the farmer takes his dollar to town to buy the few things his restricted income permits, he finds it worth but 75 cents in terms of other commodities. If business is to prosper normally, year in and year out, the buying power of the farmer must be restored, and our immediate purpose must be to find means to restore a price equation that will make the farmer's dollar worth as much as the other fellow's dollar.

The "spread" in cost between producer and consumer is entirely too great. In a large measure this "spread" results from a wasteful, inefficient marketing system which leaves producer and consumer at the mercy of speculators and profiteers. It is up to this Government to take an economic spirit level and set about reducing these inequalities.

I do not anticipate an elaborate farm program in this Congress. While I believe the farm situation should have first consideration, I am not saying, and I have never said, that Congress alone can solve all the farmer's problems or put an end to all his troubles. Congress cannot repeal or amend economic laws. There are no miracle-workers in Washington. None the less, it is

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up to this Congress to give its immediate attention and its best efforts to the problems of agriculture.

Farmers are not asking the Government to make good their losses, or to subsidize the industry, or to fix an arbitrary price for farm products. The farmer is not asking more credit to continue his operations at a loss. He is head-over-heels in debt now. More credit would simply make his load heavier. What he wants and must have is a market for his crops at a price that will give him cost of production and a fair profit.

The greatest assistance that can be given agriculture is to evolve an effective program for raising prices of farm products to a parity with city prices, for the farmer will never regain prosperity until farm products sell as high with relation to the general price level as before the war. This does not mean upsetting our economic system, or the guaranteeing of prices by the Government, but a sound and practical marketing system that will put the Government in support of a business-like marketing program that will find an outlet for our surplus farm products and will put the farmer in a position to have something to say about the prices he is to receive.

The farmer today is at the mercy of any violent price upheaval. It is impossible for him to meet business or labor on an equal basis. All the farmer asks is like privileges with labor and business. The farm problem can not be solved until he is given a voice in determining the price of his product.

The Government should encourage cooperative marketing by providing definite and positive assistance for associations of producers who desire to employ group action in marketing. As another means to this end, the farmer should be given more dependable information as to world market conditions, so that he may be informed equally as well as the speculator and dealer in his products as to this vital aspect of the business side of farming. This information must be available if the farmer is to proceed intelligently both in marketing and production. Under present conditions the farmer is in the dark as to how much of his commodity the world can use. From this lack of information overproduction not infrequently results,—or fake overproduction stories. These become the weapons with which speculators and manipulators bludgeon the farmer's prices.

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Furthermore, the Department of Agriculture should be put in a position actively to aid cooperative societies in the development of new markets or in the expansion of present markets both at home and abroad. We need a Government marketing corporation to find an outlet for our surplus farm commodities and stabilize the price of wheat and other agricultural products along sound and business-like lines.

In addition to these proposed aids, the farmer's demand for relief from excessive freight rates should be heeded. Every farm organization joins in an appeal for the repeal of Section 15-a,—the so-called guarantee clause,—of the Transportation Act. Freight rates paid by the farmer are absurdly out of proportion to the prices he gets for his production. The farmer makes a noise about higher-than-war freight rates because he pays them. He alone of shippers has none to whom he may pass these high costs. He pays the freight,—and he pays it both ways.

The farmer wages no class war on the railroads. He is not a railroad baiter. He knows that adequate transportation is essential both to his own and to the country's welfare. He wishes railroads and all business to be prosperous. He expects to pay what transportation is justly worth, just as he wants a just and fair price for his product. The farmer knows earnings of railroads have increased enormously in the last three years and he knows that prices he gets for his commodities are in most cases still below the cost of production. The farmer believes in prosperity, but he wants it passed 'round.

Economy in government is another fact essential to the farmer's come-back. Tax burdens, national, state, and local, bear heavy upon him. The load is pyramided. He pays his own tax. That adds to his cost of production. As a consumer he pays the manufacturer's and the retailer's tax. That eats voraciously into his slender income.

Efforts of Congress to give the farmer practical and constructive measures to assist his economic recovery have been viciously assailed and severely criticized. This is most unfortunate. It is unfortunate that all groups and elements of our national community cannot get the real viewpoint of the farmer in a matter so vital to the fair and equitable distribution of the rewards of

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industry. Failure to get this viewpoint postpones the day of genuine prosperity in the nation.

If such failure is the result of shortsightedness or of blindness, it is not the less deplorable. What is needed is a spirit of co-operation and broad understanding in which all these national problems must be approached for proper solution.

I devoutly believe the outstanding policy of this nation for the next quarter century should be the evolution and putting into effect of a great constructive program for the encouragement and rebuilding of the farm and live-stock industry. Such a program will lay a broad foundation upon which may be erected the world's best and most enduring system of agriculture. In building upon such a foundation we build the most enduring, all-embracing, and the only genuine national prosperity.

WHAT THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER WANTS

HENRIK SHIPSTEAD

THE progressive American farmer is a fundamentalist, says the Farmer-Labor Senator from Minnesota. National ownership, a scientific system of marketing, lower freight rates, stable currency, lower taxes, and La Follette as President,—these are listed as some of his immediate demands. He believes his troubles are due not to the fact that he has been receiving so little from the government but that special privilege has been receiving from the government its present power to exploit him.

THE Editor of THE FORUM has divided the American farmers into two classes, — the conservative and the progressive. He has asked me to explain what the progressive American farmer wants. The progressive American farmer is a fundamentalist and believes in solving his economic and political problems by attacking the root of the evil. The progressive American farmer has been accused of wanting everything from the Government. As a matter of fact, he wants very little but fair play from the Government. He believes his troubles are due not to the fact that he has been receiving so little from the Government but to the fact that special privilege has been receiving so much. It has received from the Government its present power to exploit the farmer. The progressive farmer believes that if the Government revokes the powers granted to the special privileges in financial legislation, trans-

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portation legislation, tariff laws, and laws looking to the protection of monopolies, he can take care of himself. Congress having shown very little disposition to deprive special privilege of its power, the progressive farmer is determined to change the personnel of Congress.

The progressive farmer wants public ownership of the Government and the conservation of public resources for the people.

The progressive farmer wants good wages for the laboring man to insure a stabilized market for his own products.

The progressive farmer wants a scientific and efficient system of marketing. Few people are cognizant of the fact that of every dollar expended by the ultimate consumer for food, only thirty-seven cents is returned to the farmer.

The progressive farmer wants lower freight rates. He realizes that lower freight rates alone will not save him. He has a suspicion that the ownership of transportation is connected with the control of coal and iron and that the Government's attempt at regulations, covering a period of thirty years, has been a failure. He believes the situation to be rather that the railroads have "regulated" the Government.

The progressive farmer wants stable currency, instead of the fluctuating dollars now issued by, and whose value is determined from time to time by the Federal Reserve Banks through their control of money and their creation and annihilation of credit.

To show the effect of the unstable American dollar upon agriculture, I would direct your attention to the condition of the farmers who were encouraged to go into debt at a time when pork was 18 cents a pound on the hoof and the value of the dollar had been depreciated by the increase of credit necessary for the transaction of the expanded business incidental to the war. His debt becomes due at a time when the dollar has been made dear by decreasing the supply of the circulating medium. I made a loan of $4,000 upon a piece of land for the purpose of raising wheat during the war. At the time the debt was incurred, I could pay one dollar of the debt with one-third of a bushel of wheat. Now when the mortgage is due and must be paid, it takes three times more farm produce to pay the debt than it would have taken at the time the debt was incurred. On account of the juggling of the value of the dollar, my debt, for practical

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purposes of payment, has been increased from $4,000 to $12,000, because I must furnish three times as much farm produce to obtain a dollar as was necessary at the time the debt was incurred.

The progressive farmer wants lower taxes, but he knows that interesting experiments such as going to war to save the world for democracy must be paid for. He has no delusion about any tax reduction plan until the war debt is paid; and he has no delusion about receiving a lower tax rate without eliminating waste and reducing expenditures for government purposes. Instead of voting for the Mellon tax plan, which would relieve those best able to pay their just taxes, the progressive farmer believes he can reduce taxes by sending men to Congress who will stop the Hog Island scandals, the aeroplane scandals, the Alien Property Custodian scandals, and the Federal Reserve Bank deflation scandals, committed under the last Democratic Administration, and the Tea-Pot Dome scandals and the Veterans Bureau scandals of the present Republican Administration.

The progressive farmer wants LaFollette for President.

COOPERATE WITH THE FARMER

WILLIAM SWEET

THE remedy for bad farming conditions lies in a long-time credit system and a more equitable method of distribution. The Federal Farm Loan system is working very well and various co-operative movements among the farmers have brought them a fairer share of profits. The sugar beet farmers of Colorado are successfully employing these methods to fight the exploitation of the large sugar companies. This will place that industry on a sound basis, says the Governor of that State.

G. K. CHESTERTON was supremely right when he said: "We cannot, in the end, rejoice in anything less than the whole scheme of things." Each economic group is dependent on the success of the others. When capital is timid and cannot be profitably employed, business suffers stagnation. When labor is idle or compelled to work for less than a living wage, the resultant lack of purchasing power is immediately felt in all lines of business. And when farming shows continued losses, every line of business will eventually suffer. The economic condition of the farmer vitally affects the

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entire community. For farming is our biggest basic industry, representing an investment of seventy-eight billion dollars, which is more than twice the amount invested in all the other business enterprises of the country combined. Yet this huge industry, in which approximately a third of our population is employed, has for some time now been suffering from an anomalous condition. For whereas general business is able to pay a more or less constant and reasonable interest and profit upon its capital, the operation of farming property for the last three years has left the farmer with very severe losses.

In order to remedy this condition two basic business principles have successfully been applied to farming in various sections of the country. It is well known that all profitable business enterprises depend upon a favorable credit system for the period during which the goods are being produced and an efficient organization for the distribution and sale of these goods on a profitable basis. Farmers all over the country, realizing their individual helplessness, united to make themselves politically effective in demanding these two indispensable agencies for the healthy development of our agricultural industry.

The problem of credit has been largely solved through the Federal Farm Loan system. The Government, by extending to the farmer the advantage of long-time credit, at a low rate of interest, on his land as security, has freed him from his old nightmare of mortgage foreclosures just at the time when things are going wrong. The intermediate credit banks have made it possible for cooperative organizations to borrow money on such terms as will enable them to store their products and market them in an orderly manner. This credit is not yet perfect, but the last harvesting season showed marked improvement in this respect over previous years.

It is possible to make credit so easy for the farmer that he may be tempted to expand more rapidly than his resources would warrant. Care must therefore be exercised that the farmer does not use his credit to engage in speculative or hazardous enterprises. He must be compelled to pay his current obligations out of produce annually grown. When he cannot do this, something is wrong with his business.

The second basic business principle, facilities for distributing

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and selling goods at a profit, is of just as great importance to the farmer as the question of credits. I believe that nothing will do more to accomplish this than cooperative marketing. Denmark has proved what can be done by united action. The farmers of California are the most prosperous in the country because for several years they have worked together. This plan has been found satisfactory wherever it has been universally and scientifically tried. The principle of cooperative marketing is economically sound, and when the farmer uses this method he is only following the same practice which many other lines of business, as well as organized labor have adopted.

Thus sugar, for instance, is marketed cooperatively by the sugar refiners. Occasionally they cut prices, but as a rule there is a complete understanding between them. Sugar is produced in Louisiana, in Java, in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in Central America, and many other countries. It is manufactured from sugar beets in the Rocky Mountain region and elsewhere, but the consumer pays the New York price for sugar, no matter where it is grown and refined. The eastern brokers and refiners fix the price, and the method is, to all intents and purposes, cooperative marketing. The same thing holds true of the production and marketing of copper.

When it comes to labor, collective bargaining is only another name for cooperative marketing. The working man has nothing to sell but his labor power and he unites with others of his craft in a union or association, giving his representatives authority to sell his labor power at a certain price. Furthermore, he agrees to abide by what his agents may do. This method has brought labor greatly increased prosperity.

What cooperative marketing has done in these cases it can also do for the farmer. He needs to learn that only by maintaining the absolute solidarity of his group can he secure the economic result which he must have in order to continue business. Mr. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, in his report to President Harding under date of November, 1922, says:

> "There is over-production so far as the producer is concerned, whenever the quantity produced cannot be marketed at a price which will cover all production costs and leave the producer enough to tempt him to continue production."

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It does not necessarily follow, because the producer cannot market his product at a price that will cover all production costs, that there is over-production. This might be true if the market were free, but the inability to secure production costs may be due to entirely different causes. One of these is the combination against the producer on the part of the buyers and such combinations are everywhere evident when agricultural products are ready for the market. Over-production is the favorite smoke screen which the buyer uses to discourage the farmer and behind which he operates until he has bought the farmer's produce, when suddenly the supply becomes contracted and the demand expanded!

While the law of supply and demand, if allowed to operate freely, will ultimately fix prices, nevertheless business men, by means of credit, are able so to control the supply that when the demand is light, they can prevent the market being overstocked and can actually make more acute the economic situation, thereby adding to their profits. It is not uncommon to see miles of side track filled with loaded coal cars ready to be sold at the very time when the price of coal is rapidly advancing. In an address before the Bankers' Association of the District of Columbia, in 1921, Mr. Crissinger, then Comptroller of the Currency, declared that "the law of supply and demand is as dead as a New England salted mackerel." He was speaking of the particular conditions which then obtained in business, but combinations to frustrate this fundamental law of economics always exist.

In considering the present problems of the Colorado farmer and his interest in credits and cooperative marketing we must bear in mind that the farm lands of the West are now passing through the same stage of development that the lands of the Middle West,—in Iowa, Nebraska, and Wisconsin,—passed through forty years ago. Intensive diversified farming is a matter of slow growth and is partly an educational process. During this period of development, it is necessary that every possible encouragement be extended to the farmer.

Colorado recently passed a cooperative marketing law and provided for a Director of Markets. This law is modelled after the laws of California and Kentucky, and the farmers are rapidly organizing associations in order to avail themselves of the pro-

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visions of the law. The Mountain States Beet Growers Association is one of the most active of these organizations and is conducting a vigorous campaign to secure the signatures of the growers to its contracts, for the purpose of bargaining collectively with the sugar company for the sale of beets. Every year has witnessed a long struggle, the end of which has always been marked by the sugar company securing the beets at its own price.

This company, The Great Western Sugar Company, is the second largest industrial corporation in Colorado. It was one of the very first concerns in the United States to manufacture sugar from sugar beets and its operations have, from the beginning, been highly successful. It manufactures thirty per cent of all the beet sugar made in the United States and is credited with the lowest production cost of any beet sugar industry. The company was incorporated in 1905, with $15,000,000 authorized preferred stock and the same amount of common stock. Including the surplus as shown on the balance sheet of May 31, 1922, and including preferred and common cash dividends and stock dividends and after deducting depreciation and all other charges, the company has earned $75,125,837.

The company has never treated the farmer liberally in the price of beets. It has paid only what was necessary to keep him growing beets. By means of contracts made before planting, it assured the farmer his money and thereby made the banks safe in advancing crop loans. In many cases, the banks would not loan a farmer money on wheat unless he also raised sugar beets. This action on the part of the bankers forced the hand of the farmer, to the advantage of the sugar company. It has always had its friends in Congress who "regulated the tariff," while the company "regulated the farmer." In former days, the company used to persuade the farmers to send representatives to Congress to help maintain the tariff on sugar, but the farmer has come to realize that whether the tariff is high or low makes no difference in the price of beets, so that he has declined in recent years to cooperate with the company in the matter of fixing the tariff on sugar.

The farmer has become tired of seeing the company earn an average of more than twenty per cent per annum on its capital since 1905, while the beet growers have scarcely earned seven

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per cent on a capital many times larger, with much greater risks.

He is now demanding one-half the product of his land, including beets, beet tops, and pulp for stock feeding purposes. The farmer has heretofore regarded himself as being at the mercy of the factory but now the company may find that the farmer is not compelled to grow beets but can grow alfalfa, wheat, corn, and other products for a season or so. For the most part, our business men, including the bankers, hope that the farmers will secure a better price for their beets. If they do not, the bankers' paper and the merchants' outstanding accounts will be frozen still more solidly than they are now. In any event, it will take more than one season of sugar beets at nine or ten dollars per ton, to thaw them out.

What California has done in fruit, what Wisconsin has done in milk and cheese, what Kentucky has done in tobacco, and what the Southern states have done in cotton, Colorado believes it can do in sugar beets and other products. The farmers are confident that they are just as self-reliant, just as resourceful and capable of just as much solidarity of action as the farmers of any other section of the United States. They therefore expect to secure a price for their products commensurate with the risks they take and the capital they have invested. Every fair-minded business man and worker hopes they will succeed in their efforts.

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THE POLITICAL DRAMA OF 1924

Act Three

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

DIVISION in the ranks of the Republican Party has been sharpened by the unedifying disclosures of the last few weeks in Washington. Angry charges, counter charges, and denials have disturbed the complacency that reigned in December when every member of the Cabinet was sitting comfortably in his chair and contemplating the future with reasonable security. Mr. Payne defines the position of the three groups who will be jockeying for position until the Convention assembles.

THE pre-convention campaign of 1924 will probably go down in political history as one marked by dramatic surprises and the most shocking revelations. When it opened in the latter part of the year 1923, no one would have prophesied that in a few months one member of the Cabinet would have resigned under fire and that such a bizarre combination as Senators Borah, Lodge, and Pepper, would be demanding that the President get rid of his Attorney-General, Mr. Harry M. Daugherty. The placid pococurantism of December has given way to the angry charges and counter-charges and sharp personalities of the month of March. In the first of this series we suggested that the main interest in the next five months would be in the decision to be made by the Republicans rather than in the campaign of the Democrats. This childlike prophecy has come true with a vengeance. Even Senator Borah is quoted now as saying, "The question is not so much whether the Republican Party will be defeated as whether it will survive."

The Teapot Dome scandal came with such suddenness and such fury that the full significance has hardly yet reached the man on the street, despite the fact that no one in this generation is able to recall a period when there was such public indignation. To the man who reads his newspapers casually it comes with a shock to know that for practically two years this scandal has been brewing, almost in public. Within a week after Secretary Denby and Secretary Fall had signed leases that are now known to be corrupt and a violation of the law, Senator Kendrick of Wyoming and Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin both called the attention of the Senate to the method and secrecy by and

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with which Secretary Fall and Secretary Denby had made the leases in absolute defiance of the policy of conservation laid down by Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson, and also in defiance of the law of Congress which had given the control of those properties to the Secretary of the Navy. There was a discussion in the Senate over which Mr. Coolidge, then Vice-President, presided, lasting for several days, and while no charges of fraud and corruption were made, the right of Fall and Denby to make the leases was challenged, the morality of the transaction was questioned, and an investigation ordered.

It is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that the man on the street should forget that this investigation started almost two years ago, when even the statesmen and politicians in Washington forgot that such an investigation had been ordered. Fortunately for the country there was on that committee one man who did not forget,—Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana. It is said of him that there is no abler constitutional lawyer in the Senate, and when he rises to his feet to speak, the Senate listens because he is a man who wastes not a word and generally has in reserve more facts than appear in his arguments. He was a loyal supporter of Woodrow Wilson and an earnest advocate of the League of Nations. The last thing that the Republican leaders in the Senate expected was that Walsh of Montana, with no aptitude for muck-raking or sensationalism, with no known ability as an inquisitor, and with a disadvantageous position politically, would soon become the leading investigator and one of the most powerful political figures in the country.

It was not until late last fall that the results of Walsh's careful, persistent, and relentless pursuit of the truth began to drift into, first the rumor chambers of Washington, and finally such portions of the press as were inclined to encourage him.

The first shock came when ex-Secretary Fall admitted on the stand that shortly after the leases were made, he had borrowed $100,000 in cash from "a friend." The next shock came when Mr. Edward B. McLean admitted that he had loaned Mr. Fall $100,000 in cash. In the meantime, Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Doheny had both gone on the stand and testified that they had never had any transactions with Mr. Fall that could be construed as tending to influence his decision. Denby, Fall, Doheny,

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and Sinclair all took the attitude on the stand that the leasing of Teapot Dome and the California reserve was a patriotic act.

December, 1923, closed with the denial on the part of these four men that there was anything wrong with the Teapot Dome leases,—all denials made under oath. The impression in Washington was that Senator Walsh was up against a stone wall. The wise politicians of Washington believed that he had gone as far as he possibly could go, and inasmuch as the Department of Justice was in the hands of Mr. Daugherty and it was the administration that he was attacking, the investigation would fizzle out, although those who paid any attention to the matter at all were firmly convinced that there was corruption and fraud. So indifferent, apparently, was ex-Secretary Fall to the outcome, that for the benefit of his "health" he decided to visit Palm Beach, where his friend Mr. McLean had rented a cottage. Showing how little even politicians in high places realized what was coming, Mr. C. Bascom Slemp, the secretary to the President, also departed for Palm Beach and was reported to be there as the guest of Mr. Edward McLean, along with Secretary Fall. On the stand he has admitted he was a guest at several dinners and luncheons. Then came one of the dramatic surprises of the Teapot Dome investigation. On January 10, Senator Walsh took a train for Palm Beach. Authorized by the Committee to take testimony, he called Mr. Edward McLean before him, put him under oath, and heard him admit that he had not given the $100,000 to Mr. Fall as he had previously stated. Although he was stopping at the same hotel, Mr. Fall refused to go before Senator Walsh, but put his new explanation in a letter in which he declared that he had got the $100,000 from a friend whose name he would not reveal.

Returning to Washington Mr. Doheny was called to the stand and admitted that he was the man who had given the $100,000 to Mr. Fall, and this testimony was followed by that of Mr. Sinclair's lawyer that he had given $25,000 to Mr. Fall. With this testimony before him, the Senate acted with reasonable celerity, and a resolution was unanimously passed asking the President to appoint special counsel to see that criminal prosecutions were undertaken and that the corrupt leases were cancelled. This was followed by another resolution passed by the

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Senate demanding that Secretary Denby resign. No charge of corruption was made against Denby, but it was stated that he had shown a pitiful ignorance about the workings of his own department and had acted against the best interests of the United States, as well as illegally, when he had transferred the control of the oil reserves to the Secretary of the Interior, and with him had signed the oil leases.

President Coolidge accepted the first resolution and appointed attorneys, although two of his first appointees were obliged to withdraw because of their connection with oil corporations. In reply to the resolution demanding Denby's resignation, he issued a statement reprimanding the Senate for interfering with his Constitutional prerogatives, but a few days later Denby voluntarily withdrew. From all over the country there has sprung up a demand for the resignation of Attorney-General Daugherty. As the legal officer of the administration it is held by many that it was his business to protect the country from the illegal acts of Denby and Fall. While there was no evidence that he had given a formal approval of the making of the leases, there was evidence that he had informally approved them.

Senator Borah, who has had little sympathy for the administration, spent two hours with the President and, in the presence of Mr. Daugherty, urged the latter to resign. Two days later Senators Lodge and Pepper, representing Mr. Coolidge's strongest proponents, called on him and urged him to dismiss Mr. Daugherty. The President himself refused to commit himself, but the following day Daugherty issued his own defiance in the form of a letter to Senator Pepper declaring that he intended to fight to the bitter end.

We have, therefore, the interesting spectacle of the Republican Party split "three ways." First, there are those who are opposed to the Coolidge administration "in toto." This division represents those, principally the Progressives and the followers of Roosevelt, who believe that the present administration is reactionary and that such scandals as the Teapot Dome affair and the appointment of C. Bascom Slemp, are bound to result under a reactionary régime.

The second division consists of that half of the Conservative wing of the party that was indifferent to the Teapot Dome

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scandal at the beginning but who have now come to the conclusion that, as the people of the country are so thoroughly aroused, unless the party leaders, and Mr. Coolidge in particular, do something to placate the electorate, the party will not only be defeated this year but may be in disgrace for years to come.

The third division consists of the ultra-Conservative wing, led by Mr. Daugherty and Mr. John T. Adams, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Their attitude is that the Democrats are in no position to fight the Republicans on the issue of corruption. They assert that there was even greater corruption under the administration of Woodrow Wilson, forgetting that if there was corruption under the Wilson administration, the Republican Party has had three years in which to uncover it and to punish the criminals and has not done so. Their hope of dominating the Party and going through with the plan of nominating Mr. Coolidge is based on the belief that the present "hysteria" will soon die out. A drive is to be undertaken, according to those best informed, against a continuance of the present investigation on the ground that it is bad for "business." Attacks are to be made on the Senate on the ground that it is "investigation mad" and Mr. Daugherty is to remain in the Cabinet, as one gentleman expressed it, "as the Rock of Gibraltar, against which the public fury may dash itself until it is worn out." The only weakness in this simile is that the public conception of the Rock of Gibraltar is not in accordance with the facts. The famous rock consists principally of slate and the British Government each year spends thousands of pounds cementing it together.

Not until the Republican Convention meets in June will this war within the Republican Party be settled. Even then it is doubtful whether the nomination will bring peace. It will be recalled that it was on a similar, if not as great a scandal that the party split in 1912. There is more talk today of a third party than there probably has been at any time during the past twenty years, and it is because the second division in this triangular war realizes that the demand for a third party is coming genuinely from the grass roots, that the leaders are anxious to have President Coolidge not only dismiss Mr. Daugherty, but practically to remake his entire Cabinet.

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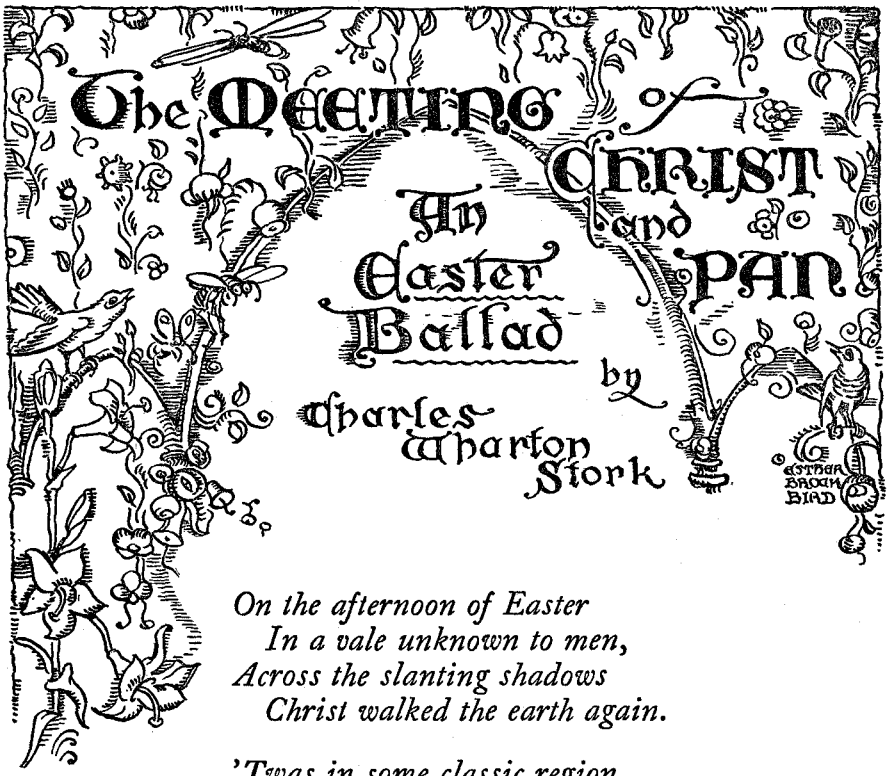

On the afternoon of Easter
In a vale unknown to men,
Across the slanting shadows
Christ walked the earth again.

'Twas in some classic region
Where dryads dwelt of yore.
The purple ocean, snowy-flowered,
Was lapsing on the shore.

Adown the vale to meet it
A glinting brooklet wound,
And gayer, milder flowers peeped out
From grass-depths all around.

The phalanx of the pine trees
Was parted left and right,
And westward through their spreading plumes
The sun-shafts glittered bright.

The great high clouds were tranquil,
And Christ's great heart was calm,
He tasted scent of thyme-beds,
He drank the pine trees' balm.

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The cicadas were shrilling,
A bee came mumbling nigh,
The ecstasy of swallows
Would circle swiftly by.

But 'mid the gentle tumult
Another sound began;
Sweet music!—never sweeter
Had witched the ear of man.

It rippled, leaped, and quivered
With plaintive rise and fall,
As if the soul of Nature
Was piping Nature's call.

So Christ was glad, and hasted
Along the listening stream,
Till through a tamarisk thicket
He caught the cool white gleam

Of water pouring smoothly
Across a ledge of brown;
The rills o'er polished boulders
Went sliding, spattering down.

Above the quiet splashing
The music swept more loud;
To quaint, capricious measures
The notes danced in a crowd.

Then Christ put back the branches,
And what there should He see?
A strange, misshapen creature
Beneath a rough oak tree.

This creature wild that played there
Was neither beast nor man;
'Twas one whom Christ had never seen,
The hairy goat-god, Pan.

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He sat there, lips a-pouting
Along the seven-fold pipe,
His thick and sun-brown fingers
Held it with cunning gripe.

A look of dreamy pleasure
Was lost in far soft skies;
And dimly-visioned beauty
Was in his upturned eyes.

But as the branches crackled,
He started up like a deer;
His dark eyes blazed with anger,
Then wavered in wild fear.

And ere a wink, with stag-mad bounds
Great Pan had fled away;
But as he turned, a voice like truth
Had simply bidden: "Stay!"

So Pan stood still, a-tremble,
And gazed at Him who spoke;
His shaggy bosom heaved and sank,
He leaned against the oak.

"What is your name, white stranger,
With hands and feet that shine?
Your eyes have quelled my strength, they look
So questingly in mine."

With voice of gentlest clearness
The Lord Christ answered then:
"I am the Light long promised
To light the ways of men."

"Aye, aye, for men, for mortals,
To lead them all from me.
I mind when you were born, Lord,
That over land and sea,

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"Through all the earth, a shudder
Of fear and gladness ran,
Until it reached the cavern
Of me, once-mighty Pan.

"My heart, that had but revelled,
Was touched with nameless woe;
I knew my reign was ended
But knew not where to go.

"Years faded, yet the world was fair;
My dread had well-nigh passed,
Until a harsh, uncomely breed
Of mortals came at last.

"They called me devil, called me beast,
They drove me here and there
With dinning bells and joyless chants
And moans of muttered prayer.

"They called themselves Thy servants,
They banned and hunted me,
Till worse than stench of city streets
I feared and hated Thee."

"My brethren were too zealous,
Their thoughts outran My will.
But now, O Pan, thou look'st on Me,
Speak forth and speak thy fill!"

"Ah Lord, Thy beauty blinds me,
Thy garments gleam like snow.
I fear not, hate not; what I feel
I scarce can rightly know.

"Thou art as deep a wonder
As dawn's enrapturing light,
Thou art as hushed a mystery
As starry fields of night.

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"Thou art the calm of noonday
When herdsmen seek the shade,
And Thou the bliss of evening
When Vesper charms the glade.

"Thou art the joy of running;
Of music too, and rest;
And Thou the thrill of clasping
A wood-nymph to my breast."

But Christ spoke not in anger,
He did but ask again:
"Am I no more than these to thee?
Much more am I to men."

"Alack, Lord Christ, I cannot tell
If other things may be;
I do but know the good green earth
Is boundless joy for me.

"My only grief is that mankind,
Who loved me well and long,
Now speak me ill and turn from me
That never did them wrong.

"Yon lean men walk about and say
I prompt mankind to sin,
Who would but give them bodies fair
And happy hearts within.

"Thou may'st be greater than is Jove
Who thunders in the sky.
I am but of the sap of earth;
Lord Christ, I know not, I."

Lord Christ was kind and gentle,
He slowly came more near,
He pointed to His hands and feet,
And said: "Pan, look thou here!

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"These grievous wounds I suffered,
I suffered death and scorn,
That I might bring a higher hope
To all of woman born."

Pan stooped and looked and shuddered,
Then turned his face away.
"Oh pity, pity, poor Lord Christ!
And do not bid me stay."

"'Tis well, O Pan, thou soon may'st run
To woodland sports amain!
Thou know'st the joy of joy, but not
The deeper joy of pain.

"Yet turn again a moment first,
And bend, and bow thy knee.
Nay, do not fear, but close thine eyes;
Thou need'st not look on Me.

"In Me and in My kingdom
Thou can'st not well have part,
And yet art thou a creature
Of honest, friendly heart.

"Thou givest men thy brimming store
Of beauty and of joy,
Thou turnest them from bitter thoughts
And sick desires that cloy.

"My stern disciples do not well
In taxing thee with sin,
For where thy love hath led the way
My love may enter in.

"Do Thou, My Father, bless him,
Have mercy on him too,
And may he serve and praise Thee
In all that he shall do!

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"Thy lovely world of trees and flowers
He keepeth in His care,
And they who find Thee not above
May haply find Thee there."

Above the rude and hornèd head
Lord Christ His hands did raise,
And all the leafy dell was filled
With golden evening haze.

. . . . .

When Christ had long departed
Pan meekly rose and stood,
He did not leap as he was wont
Across the crashing wood.

He took once more his pipes and playea
A sweeter, milder strain,
And beast and bird renewed the joy
Along the darkening plain.

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PEPYS AND HIS WIFE

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THROUGH the scandalous record of ten years of promiscuous love-making, Samuel Pepys gives us fascinating glimpses of his young wife. Though his Diary reveals him as petulant, critical, and inexcusably abusive toward her, he was none the less a hopeless slave to her charms and her moods. His conscience played into his wife's hands, for in his minute accounts of their numerous quarrels, the diarist makes it pretty obvious that he deserved most of the injuries she heaped on him.

THE case of Mrs. Pepys is peculiar. In a sense we may say that few women of the past are better known to us than she. Her husband's intimate record shows her in most of the aspects of her character with his usual intense veracity. Yet it is hardly fair that any human being should be so entirely judged on the testimony of another, no matter how vivid. We have not one written word of Mrs. Pepys' own, and the desire to know how this woman viewed life in general and her husband in particular is at times almost overwhelming. She was a child of fifteen when Pepys married her. She was not uneducated nor unintelligent; but her education had been erratic.

It is evident that Mrs. Pepys was by nature social. She had no children to keep her busy at home, and her quick, gay, and sensitive temperament would have readily absorbed any amount of social diversion abroad. Yet her life seems to have been rather solitary.

So she had to make up for it as best she could, with minor and inadequate diversions. She would study: why not? Pepys teaches her astronomy, and she listens dutifully and perhaps profits, perhaps also with a certain wonder why men should care what happens in Sirius. Then there was music, which Sam so greatly loved; and painting, which much better suited her deft fingers. Yet how quickly would she drop them all, if Sam would ask her to go to the theatre, or to go anywhere.

Of course there was also the diversion of dress. Mrs. Pepys was quick to note the new fashions, and sometimes too eager to follow them, at least in her husband's judgment. But in general we may infer that her taste was excellent, and that even Mr. Pepys thought so.

Also, we should like a little more light on her feeling toward

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Pepys himself. But I think we may take her love for him for granted. To be sure, she understood him, knew all his little defects and weaknesses, and sometimes resented them and sometimes played upon them. He was not a difficult man to read, and she had many long hours of the day to observe, and many long hours of the night to reflect and piece together. He was vain, and she knew it. He was selfish, and she knew it. He was narrow in his spending, eager in his pleasures, crude in his self-assertion. She knew it all, better than any one. Yet I gather that she loved him, and turned to him, and depended on him,—loved him perhaps all the more for the defects. Such cases are not unheard of.

In discussing Pepys' attitude toward his wife, it is impossible to overlook, or neglect the harsh, the cruel, the mean, the bitter, the contemptible. He has recorded all these elements at length in the Diary and in the picture of the man they are absolutely essential, however we may choose to generalize or interpret them. The friction and irritation are not confined to any one portion of the record, but appear and disappear irregularly from the beginning to the end. There are fierce exchanges of harsh language, afterwards regretted, and yet so readily renewed. And there are worse than words, there are blows and kicks and savage tweakings of the nose, things utterly unbecoming a decorous Secretary of the Navy, things doing which he would have been ashamed to be seen by his great friends, and ought to have been ashamed to be seen by God. But he did them, all the same, and then he set them down, every one, in minute detail; and many men might have done them, but the setting down is certainly unusual. And such things must stain and scar affection, even if they do not blight it permanently.

Let us look a little more into the detail of Pepys' haunting tendency to criticize. Take his wife's intelligence. We have seen that she was quick, keen, and shrewd. Her husband was well aware of it, knew probably that her sharp eye saw to the very bottom of some of his little foibles. When unduly provoked, he notes roughly that she is never to be trusted with her liberty, "for she is a fool." But he knew that she was not.

Then there is the eternal question of money. Pepys was critical of his wife's household expenditure and her method of

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keeping accounts. Sometimes the annoyance reaches the point of manifest injustice as in the reflection that "all my troubles in this world almost should arise from my disorders in my family and the indiscretion of a wife that brings me nothing almost (besides a comely person) but trouble and discontent." No doubt Mrs. Pepys' point of view was very different. Why he wished to marry her was his own affair; but, having married her, he was surely bound to see that she dressed and lived in a manner becoming his station and to provide money to that end. Yet, on the whole, I am inclined to think that Pepys was fairly liberal, considering the circumstances, and I am inclined to think that Mrs. Pepys would have said so, if grudgingly.

The observant, carping critic not only watched the money flow, he stood by and made remarks on the domestic management and the housekeeping generally. There were the servants, such a problem for a wife of that age, who never thought much about her dignity and cared little for it. It was harassing for a busy Secretary to come home to petty squabbles about wages, or about duties, or about respect. And a house has to be kept clean, and what depresses a housewife is the dreary endlessness of the task. She had served a strenuous apprenticeship before the servants came, and had learned her husband's tastes and how to cater to them.

In the main, also, Pepys is satisfied with his wife's appearance and bearing in social connections. Broadly speaking, she was well dressed, she was gay, she was tactful, she was gracious, and the sort of wife to do a husband credit, no matter how high a sphere he might be called upon to move in. Pepys knew all this, and he often was proud of her. He loved her too, and the love endured and clung, and makes itself manifest, through the petulance and ill-temper and inexcusable abuse.

Unquestionably what did most to wreck the tranquillity of the Pepys establishment was the husband's extreme sensitiveness to feminine charm. Other establishments have suffered upheaval from the same cause and perhaps Pepys was not quite so singular in his sensitiveness as he imagined. He is often represented as a most debauched and vicious general lover, and certainly the promiscuity of his amours is somewhat astonishing and very reprehensible. At the same time, we must remember

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the licentiousness of all the world about him, which explains if it does not excuse. We must remember, also, the extraordinary candor with which he reveals what most men cover up.

But he did like to look at pretty women, whoever, whenever, and wherever,—liked to look at them, and chat with them, and flirt with them, and make love to them. Their mere beauty, pretty shape, pretty color, pretty gestures, appealed to him, fascinated him, carried him quite off his feet. The dainty line of the old poet has it,

"O pitiful young man, struck blind with beauty!"

And Pepys puts the same thing in his terse, vivid prose, when he squanders money on Doll, the pretty 'Change woman: "She is so pretty, that, God forgive me! I could not think it too much, —which is a strange slavery that I stand in to beauty, that I value nothing near it."

What is attractive about Pepys' varied amours is the utter absence of vanity in the man himself. We have no idea whether he was fascinating to women, whether he was a lady-killer, so that young and old, plain and pretty were eager to respond to his advances. In his account of the matter he is busy only with his own experience, his own point of view, never even suggests the attitude of adoration in the object of his addresses. And this complete freedom from coxcombry is most refreshing, after the professed Don Juanism, the delight in conquest for itself, that weary one in a man like Casanova, and even to some extent in Aaron Burr, whose Diary has so many points of resemblance to that of Pepys.

But Pepys did run after women, there is no concealing it or denying it. The Diary reeks with love-affairs, innumerable, indiscriminate, and infinitely disreputable. They naturally increase in abandon as the years go on. At first there is restraint, doubt, a question as to how much can be attempted or accomplished. But such little hesitations vanish in a wholesale career of unvarnished licentiousness.

There are the affairs outside the domestic circle. Married or unmarried, high or low, gay or serious, ostensibly virtuous or not so, pretty faces all have their charm, and Pepys makes up to them with entire surrender. There are the Lanes and the Turners and the Bagwells, there are nameless adventures on any

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street-corner, exactly as we run across them in the Diary of Burr. And what is extraordinary is, not that Pepys should have the escapades, but that he should return home to that Diary and set them down with such a cynical—or naïve—veracity.

The most curious feature of this scandalous record is the recourse to foreign languages. What is the strange, nervous inhibition which makes it so difficult for us to put plain words to things we daily do, so hard to write them, so almost impossible to utter them? Whatever it is, it is most amusing to see how Pepys suffers from it. Plain English? Good, substantial Anglo-Saxon? No, no, fie, no! A bit of French, a bit of Italian, a bit of Latin, or Spanish, or even Greek at need, jumbled as to forms in our shame-facedness, will convey the meaning decently. By all means let us resort to it. What an unbelievable farrago of polyglot modesty is the following, to say what might have gone in English just as decorously: "I would also remember to my shame how I was pleased yesterday to find the righteous maid of Magister Griffin sweeping of nostra office, elle con the Roman nariz and bonne body which I did heretofore like, and do still refresh me to think que elle is come to us, that I may voir her aliquando." If that is not a psychological curiosity, I should like to know what is.

And the odd thing is that in Burr we have precisely the same, —the same chaste disguise of foreign gibberish, and the same utter disregard of correctness in the use of it. "Walked out 5. Swindled out of another dollar pour rien absolument: with 2 avants [aventurières]; 1,15 yrs.; l'aut. 22; 1 ½d. Bru och watten pr. din. [bread and water for dinner]." Strange ties linking humanity, in its vices as in its virtues.

But Pepys had distractions within doors as well as without, and these, though naturally less numerous, were quite as enthralling, and far more unfortunate. Those genteel companions who were secured to relieve Mrs. Pepys' solitude, Pepys saw to it that they were good-looking and that they were adept at music. Hence much, much domestic woe. There were the Ashwells and the Mercers and the Janes, a whole long string of them. There were sighs and hand-pressings and kissing in corners and—well, the Diary tells it all, without any mercy whatever. And finally came Deb. Willet, the charming, the

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seductive, the merry, the irresistible Deb. Willet, and she was enough, apparently, to bring destruction upon a firmer household peace than that of the Pepys family.

No doubt Mrs. Pepys' jealousy had been aroused, quite properly, long before. She would have been very, very different from what she was and very far from human, if she had submitted tamely to all her husband's amorous whims; for though he took what pains he could to cover up, there must have been ample indications for a sensitive, watchful, often desolate wife.

And then there comes Deb., and tragedy is let loose, and the passages in which Pepys depicts it are some of the most direct, intense, and poignant in the history of human nature. What bare, naked scenes of fundamental, primitive emotion! Mrs. Pepys at last understands her advantage. She has seen all the depths of her husband's spiritual disorder. She instinctively grasps the strange medley in his soul of affection for her, of rooted and inextinguishable conscience, perhaps above all of masculine hatred of a row and feminine tears. She plays upon these chords with a skill that she never expended upon the flageolet. And Pepys knows perfectly that she is playing, yet he is utterly unable to resist her.

> "Home to supper and to bed, where, after lying a little while, my wife starts up, and with expressions of affright and madness, as one frantick, would rise, and I would not let her, but burst out in tears myself, and so continued almost half the night, the moon shining so that it was light, and after much sorrow and reproaches and little ravings (though I am apt to think they were counterfeit from her), and my promise again to discharge the girle myself, all was quiet again, and so to sleep."

Can you beat that? In its kind can Shakespeare beat it? And the great, calm, ironical, passionless, moon shining down upon it all. The moon, *qui en a vu bien d'autres*, as Pepys might have expressed it.

So Deb. is discharged. But the lady is still suspicious, and she has some reason to be; for the man is simply infatuated. He cannot get the girl's witchery out of his head. He regrets and repents and promises and prays. But still, when her skirt swishes ahead of him round a corner, or he thinks it does, his nerves are all a-quiver, and wives and oaths and prayers are quite forgotten. Yet in the end things seem to be adjusted, and

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adjusted to the complete and entire triumph of the wife. Deb. is banished, and Pepys himself hopes that she is forgotten. In one tremendous passage of utter surrender he gives himself over to the real sovereign and conqueror of his wayward, tremulous, unreliable heart:

> "Being most absolutely resolved, if ever I can master this bout, never to give her occasion while I live of more trouble of this or any other kind, there being no curse in the world so great as this of the differences between myself and her, and therefore I do, by the grace of God, promise never to offend her more, and did this night begin to pray to God upon my knees alone in my chamber, which God knows I cannot do yet heartily; but I hope God will give me the grace more and more every day to fear Him, and to be true to my poor wife."

And the phantom of Deb. does peer out once or twice, even after this; but the pathetic conclusion of the Diary announces, as if finally, "my amours to Deb. are past."

As to Pepys and his wife, there is little further to say. Her victory in the matter of Deb. leaves her in a delightfully favorable position, but we see no more of her. We know that she and her husband took one brief, charming journey on the Continent, after the Diary was abandoned, and then she dies. Sir Frederick Bridge charitably assumes that Pepys led a moral and virtuous life after his wife's death. As we have no information to the contrary, perhaps this is the more humane view to take. But—. At any rate, he had to put up with housekeepers in his domestic establishment, and his energetic pronouncement as to the temper of one of them suggests that the former mistress of the household may have been often regretted: "She hath a height of spirit, captiousness of humor, and bitterness and noise of tongue, that, of all womankind I have hitherto had to do withal, do render her conversation and comportment, as a servant, most insupportable." Surely Mrs. Pepys was not like this.

But we know nothing of his regret for her, and we deeply regret his regret; for of all his analyses of death and the experiences connected with it, none could have been more profound and fascinating than his comments on the death of his wife. We have them not. She simply goes out from us into the dark, with the last pages of the Diary, and we see her go with a touch of infinite tenderness. Good-bye, good-bye, charming Mrs. Pepys! Having known you for ten years so intimately, we only wish we might have known you better.

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MERCURY AND STEAM

MARY VANDERPOEL HUN

HAILED as the most important contribution to industry since Watt presented the world with a steam engine, the mercury boiler is here briefly explained. Although it still remains to be perfected, it has been placed on trial in one electrical plant and the indications are that it will prove to be a success. The prophecy is made that it will be used in the great central generating stations at the mineheads and thus do much to hasten the era of super power. The inventor is W. LeRoy Emmet.

TWELVE years of patient work and research have resulted in still another invention of immeasurable importance to science. The Emmet Mercury Vapor process, though it is still to be perfected, is one outcome of the long struggle to make electricity the complete slave of man, economizing his energies and substance, and giving him more freedom to live and think and dream. The new era is one upon which we can speculate endlessly. We could, for example, imagine a few large power stations built near large sources of energy and distributing instantaneously useful energy over vast distances, without the intervention of a complicated and expensive system of tracks, freight cars, locomotives, and an army of engineers, brakemen and other workmen.

The new principle involved in the mercury boiler and turbine is the use of two fluids in a heat engine, instead of one, for the purpose of increasing what engineers speak of as thermal economy. For years engineers have been interested in the combination of mercury and steam, hoping by the use of the binary fluid principle (instead of steam alone) to increase the temperature range of operation. Water boils at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, whereas mercury boils at 677 degrees, under the normal atmospheric pressure. This increased temperature makes for increased energy in the same sense that a weight dropped upon a pile from a height of twenty feet will have more driving effect than the same weight dropped from a height of two feet. In other words the mercury boiler is important commercially because the increased range of temperature through which the mercury and steam operate will enable us to convert a larger proportion of fuel energy into electricity. In the one power station where it has been on trial, namely, the Hartford Electric Light

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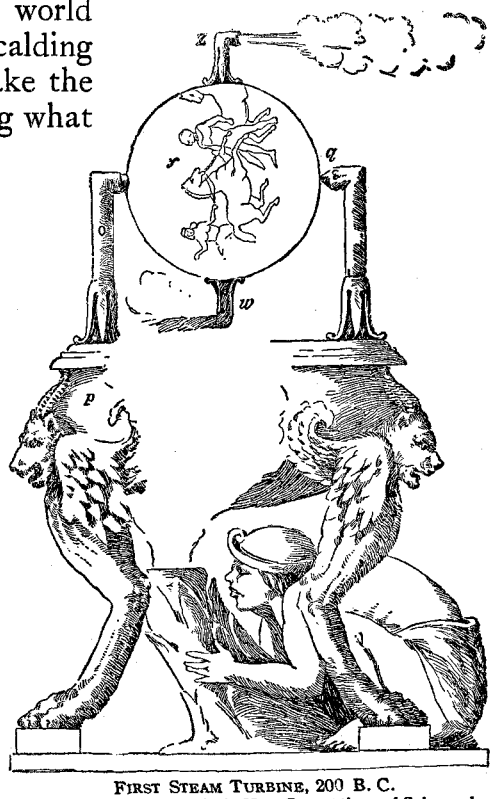
plant, it is estimated by the president, Mr. Samuel Fergerson, that the annual fuel bill will be reduced from one and a half million dollars to just half that amount.

Before attempting to give a layman's impression of Mr. Emmet's invention, it is of interest to look back into history for traces of the idea which is now being realized. The use of the steam turbine was known as early as 200 B.C., as is strikingly evidenced by the picture which accompanies this article,—a small turbine invented by Hero, a Greek, the pupil of Ctesibius of Alexandria. But Hero's whirling wheel was little more than a toy, and played no important part in the history of industry. A new spirit, unpropitious to the development of science, swept it away with many other relics of an ancient civilization. As for example when the Archbishop Theophilus, with a Christian rabble, in 391 A.D. destroyed the library at Alexandria that had been built "for the preservation of the world's most precious things."

For twenty centuries the world went on boiling water and scalding itself and watching steam shake the lids of kettles without realizing what useful service it was ready to offer. Then, in 1769 a certain James Watt of Scotland applied for his first patent. The awkward and feeble little machine which he had contrived was destined to make swift anachronisms of stage coaches, hand looms, and full-rigged ships. The industrial revolution set in, and the whole direction of civilization was altered. Since Watt's day invention has made gigantic strides, and behind every new contrivance in industry there has been the pressure of steam in one manner or another. Now



FIRST STEAM TURBINE, 200 B. C.
Reproduced from Snyder's *New Conceptions of Science*, by courtesy of Harper and Brothers

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comes a new and even more compelling pressure, mercury vapor, and enthusiasts are declaring that Mr. Emmet's process,—about which he himself is extremely reticent,—is the greatest new factor added to industry since Watt's contribution.

The easiest way in which to convey some impression of the new machine is through drawings.

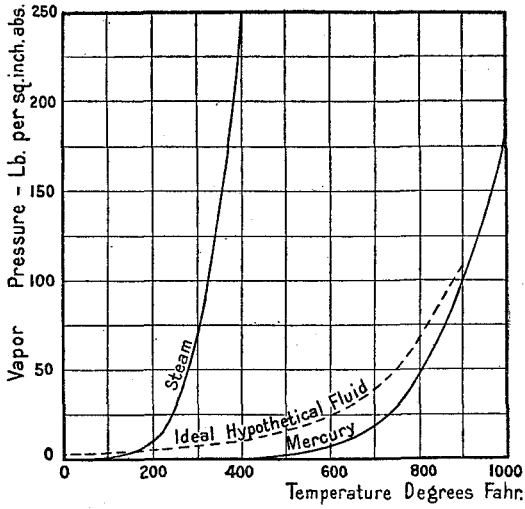

FIG. 1—VAPOR PRESSURES OF WATER AND MERCURY

The reproduction indicated as Figure 1 is a chart showing the vapor pressures per square inch and also the temperatures of water and mercury. It shows that mercury vapor is nearer an ideal working fluid because the desired temperature (corresponding to increased efficiency) can be reached with a low pressure. The temperature of steam can be increased to 706 degrees Fahrenheit only when the pressure is raised to 3,200 pounds per square inch. At this temperature there occurs what is termed the critical condition; any further rise in temperature will add only a part as much energy per degree as heretofore.

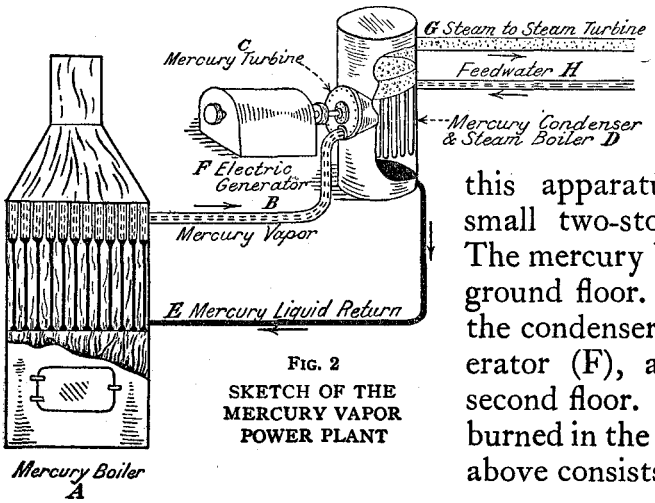

FIG. 2
SKETCH OF THE MERCURY VAPOR POWER PLANT

Figure 2 shows a rough sketch of a mercury vapor plant. Imagine this apparatus enclosed in a small two-storied brick house. The mercury boiler (A) is on the ground floor. The turbine (C), the condenser (D), and the generator (F), are above, on the second floor. Coal or oil can be burned in the furnace. The boiler above consists of "a nest of hex-

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agonal tubes." The flue gases from below pass through these, while the interstices between the closely stacked tubes hold the mercury.

The flue gases vaporize the mercury, and the mercury leaves the boiler at a temperature of 812 degrees Fahrenheit and a pressure of 50 pounds abs. This vapor passes through the pipe (B) into the turbine (C). This turbine or wheel has what are termed buckets or fans, and the mercury vapor, by striking the fans, whirls the wheel around. The revolving turbine rotates the shaft of the generator (F). (From this point on, of course, what happens is familiar enough: the magnets fixed to the shaft, while revolving, create a magnetic field, and it is this magnetic field which generates electricity in the wires which are threaded through slots in the stationary portion of the generator.)

After turning the turbine, the mercury vapor passes into the condenser (D). This condenser is filled with tubes, which contain water, and the mercury vapor, passing between them, condenses and turns again from vapor into liquid mercury. In this process it gives up what is known as latent heat. To make this clearer we may explain by means of a quotation:

"If you set a flask over a lighted lamp and put a thermometer in the water, the temperature will be observed to rise steadily till it reaches 212 degrees; here it remains, the water boils, and steam is produced freely. Now draw the thermometer out of the water, but leaving it still in the steam. It remains steady at the same point,—212 degrees. Now it requires quite a long time and a large amount of heat to convert all the water into steam. As the steam goes off at the same temperature as the water, it is evident a quantity of heat has escaped in the steam of which the thermometer gives us no account. This is latent heat."

In other words, latent heat is the quantity of heat required to convert a quantity of liquid into vapor, at a constant temperature; or conversely it is the quantity of heat given up when a quantity of vapor is converted to a liquid at a constant temperature.

This latent heat in the mercury vapor boils the water in the tubes of the condenser. The steam from this water passes by (G) to the power house where it can be used for industrial purposes. Meanwhile the liquid mercury returns by force of gravi-

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tation through (E) to the boiler to undergo a similar transformation. This process is repeated (by the same mercury) from eight to ten times an hour.

To make comprehension doubly sure contrast the old system with the new. If water, instead of mercury were vaporized in the boiler the steam would turn the turbine (C) after which it would go to waste. The questions of temperature and pressure make it unavailable for further use. The mercury vapor, however, after turning the turbine (E) is available for a second process. It enters the condenser and gives up its latent heat and because its temperature is higher than that of steam, it boils the water in the tubes. The steam from this boiling water passes through (G) and turns another turbine. Thus, to quote a popular journal, the inventor has "made two blades of grass grow where one blade grew before."

One significant factor in the new invention is that its utilization does not make it necessary to scrap the machinery already in existence. The manufacturer need only install the mercury vapor plant in the boiler house beside the power house. This has been done at the Hartford Electric Light Company's plant, where the invention is on trial.

In a paper as short and superficial as this it is not necessary to deal with the possible objections to the process. It may be said, however, that the supply of mercury is not definitely known, and about one-half or perhaps three-fourths of the known supply appears to be under the control of the British.

As to the inventor, William LeRoy Emmet needs no introduction in scientific circles. For twenty years he has been engaged on experimental work in connection with the steam turbine, and has contributed many valuable reports to scientific journals. In 1919 he was awarded the Edison gold medal and in 1920 the Elliott Cresson medal. His modesty is in direct proportion to his achievement.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By THE PEDESTRIAN

THE NEW ERA

THE other day I met a New Woman. She told me she was. To be sure, she had all the outward and visible signs of her species, but as we conversed (*perversed* were a more accurate word), I began to wonder whether she was quite so new as she thought she was. She was emancipated, she told me several times, from what she called Victorianism. "*From* that, yes," I replied, glancing nervously at her costume, "but *to* what? Whither, pray?"

She told me: "To public life" (I perversed about Julia Ward Howe). "To a new philosophy of life, based on the discovery of sub-conscious complexes" (I found it in my heart to ask if she had read *Silas Marner*). "To a new interpretation of sex relations, which recognizes 'suppressed desires'" (I muttered of Godwin and Goethe). "To a new religion, based on communications with the spiritual world" (I gestured towards *Mr. Sludge the Medium*). "To Communism" (I made an inarticulate face).

She finally persuaded me, *quite* against her will, that the things she called new were nearly all the logical conclusions of dear old Victorian beginnings, or older. Furthermore, when a woman, like a motor-car, tries to go in two directions at once, disintegration is likely to set in. New Women are usually old.

But the New Woman is only a pretext. I confess that a lingering Victorian chivalry makes me feel a bit of a cad to have taken her rather than a male "vile body" for my vivisectional practices, but science may not play favorites, and she *is* a fair symbol of our so-called New Age. For it often strikes me, as I pursue my pedestrian course, that this New Era, everywhere flaunted in our faces, is in reality the breaking-up of the Old. When people begin to dress old ideas up in new clothes, decadence, not renaissance, is at hand. If we are surging forward in a new era, there must be positive signs. But what do we see?

On all sides the ruins of the nineteenth century. Wireless telegraphy may be a new fact, but it is not a departure in kind.

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Indeed, Marconi is the logical conclusion of Morse, just as the *Leviathan* is predicted by the *Great Eastern*. Similarly, George Eliot and Hawthorne and Hardy foreshadow the problem novel. Our drama is perhaps new, at least in English-speaking countries, but new in form, rather than in thought: Bernard Shaw and Galsworthy do not hold extreme views so much as views *in extremis*. And to be what gets called a "romantic ironist" is merely to be a deflated Meredith. Or—surely the pretense of some of our very modern poets and novelists to discover new emotions, as if there were such, is a *fin de siècle* gesture,—no *aube* in that!

Any modern Diogenes, with his ever-ready lantern, finds little difficulty in revealing the same progression (if not progress) in other fields. Wilberforce slopes by green degrees to Bryan. Advertising develops into propaganda; Barnum prepares the way for Mr. Bok. In religion the churches are fighting the old battles over again. Neo-Puritanism had begun its noisy career before there were Chautauquas to promote it or Sinclair Lewises to revile it; it may be lovely or hateful, but it is not new. Or turn to the political field and behold the last vestiges of party government. Does anyone really suppose that the *blocs* represent a new political principle, not just the *disjecta membra* of party government? It won't do any good to pretend that disintegration is integration by calling it "new." Even Socialism is turning pink; it already suspects that it is the culmination of the French Revolution, not the red dawn of a new era. And the spirit of Napoleon, "on a little mound," looked down upon the Congress at Versailles and rubbed his eyes and wondered whether it wasn't Vienna and 1815. "No," chuckled the shade of Bismarck, nudging his elbow, "Berlin and 1878."

After all, what could be more indicative of decay, not growth, than our disposition to analyze and criticize? The astonishing thing, really, is that we look in the glass and mistake ourselves for something brand new, instead of recognizing ourselves for what we are,—the funeral baked meats. In the rapturous youth of our era we believed not only that Evolution was

"Climbing after some ideal good,"

but we comforted ourselves with faith:

"Thou wouldst not leave us in the dust."

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Now, in our senility, we appear to have abandoned heaven,—what more natural when we had abandoned hell? For a while we took heart from the illusion that we were supermen; then, as disillusion set in, we began to wonder whether, instead of our abandoning heaven, heaven hadn't perhaps abandoned us: we are heirs to a disquieting feeling that a wise Deity might not only leave us in the dust, but might profitably step on us. A New Age, forsooth! The ashes of the phoenix, but where is the new bird?

But are there *no* signs of a new era? Personally, I harbor a private suspicion that a New Age *has* been born. Nature has certainly been in gigantic travail,—enough to bring forth two new ages. I haven't seen the youngster yet, only heard him,—a vociferous, unruly child. I get the impression that his parents, in the present domestic situation, have been unable to secure a competent nurse. But, as I haven't seen him and am only slightly acquainted with his family, I can't say just what he is like. I *can* say, though, that he isn't Freud, or Spiritualism, or the Movies, or Radio, or Socialism, or Vers Libre, or Feminism, or any other last enchantments of the nineteenth century. And let's not forget, if the Old Age *is* dead, that we have a body to bury; we have not yet disposed of the "intolerable residue." And after that, I suspect, we shall still have a stubborn ghost to lay.

By the way, I have a strong suspicion that it's *her*, not *him*.

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PRIMITIVE VERSUS CIVILIZED GHOSTS

HERBERT JOSEPH SPINDEN
Peabody Museum, Harvard University

AN ANTHROPOLOGIST comes face to face with ghosts and other psychic appearances in every kind and degree of human culture. He finds credence given to life after death, among both savage and civilized men, but the ghost is vastly more important and powerful among savage peoples than among cultured ones. The savage ghost exhibits a higher order of intelligence than does his civilized brother, and the record clearly shows that ghosts deteriorate as men progress. The anthropologist finds different patterns of belief as regards ghosts among different social groups, and these conventional beliefs offset and neutralize each other. Since none of them rest upon a basis of real truth and logical demonstration, the scientist is not permitted to play favorites. He comes out of the limbo with the impression that haunted houses are an acquired taste.

Many startling statements of shamans or medicine men are honestly made. These nature priests constantly experiment with the machinery of their bodies and go into trances and hypnotic states through fasting, vigils, water-gazing, and other means of achieving exhaustion. Epilepsy is a fatal gift and complete intoxication is a divine condition, or at least a divinitory one. Shamans attempt to reach the gates of the unknown by breaking down the barriers of logic, and by destroying the inhibitions and safeguards of common experience. But their methods of approach are prescribed by custom, and the evidence indicates that shamans are carefully predisposed to receive exactly the impressions they do receive. They wish a thing to happen and that thing happens with such trimmings,—maudlin and grotesque,—as naturally go with the edge of delirium.

Sometimes these shamanistic methods of beating down the logical protections are so nicely perfected that they will work on the average man. Nez Percé boys and girls at the plastic and imaginative age of puberty keep lonely vigils on mountain tops until something which is to be their guardian spirit comes to them, gives them a name, and teaches them a song. The watch

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may be kept up for five days and rarely is negative in results. The supernatural being, an animal or a bird, or the spirit of a tree or stone, or the personification of a cloud or planet, comes close to the exhausted supplicant. He gives this supplicant a dream name, which is generally descriptive of the guardian spirit, and teaches him a dream song which may be meaningless mumble. One person named Eye-necklace was so called because his guardian spirit was a coyote wearing a necklace made from the eyes of other animals. Now the guardian spirit type of religion is widely distributed in America among the Indians. Thousands of cases of visions are obtainable from natives who have had supernatural, or perhaps we should say sub-normal, experiences of a religious nature.

At what point in natural history does soul, or will, or directive intelligence, become sufficiently a god-out-of-the-machine to survive death, and how long does it survive? Do the ghosts of dodos and dinosaurs wander about the shadowy kingdom of Banquo? A rose in her dewy fragrance might imagine she adorns the world, but to give her a soul and a personality is to commit what literary critics call the pathetic fallacy. But is it not equally pathetic to claim that Julius Caesar directs the policies of Mussolini or that the spirit of Juarez fled from the poor crumpled body of Madero, as shots rang out in a Mexican courtyard? The hand of the statesman drops, but humanity and intelligence survive. The average civilized man regards his inexplicable soul, his something that works behind the veil, as everlastingly himself, even though his body dies. Perhaps this something which seems divine is merely a perishable spark tossed up into the air from an inextinguishable fire.

All tribes accept the here and want to keep it. For the hereafter some imagine beds of asphodel and other country delights; some chose to live in golden cities; some look forward to hopeless wandering among sand dunes; and others climb the Road of Ghosts, which is the milky way, and people the outer dark with specks of light. But among some tribes, dispossessed souls hang about their old haunts. Some ghosts die. The Eskimos believe the spiritual essence of a recently dead person enters into the new-born child and wisely directs its actions and prompts its utterances. As the child's own will grows stronger the intruding

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will grows weaker and gradually fades out of all being. Eskimo children are not punished, because the hand that strikes baby may hurt grandfather. Our set of ghost beliefs takes no account of this interesting structure.

The vampire cult, entering from the mystical East, swept like a devastating mental plague across Europe in the eighteenth century. Rosy bodies lay in mouldering coffins while their unquiet souls went out on wicked forays. Witches among our Southwest Indians bring disease to the villages and must be drawn to their destruction by witch-nip, a plant they cannot resist. In New Zealand the children who have been cheated of their span of life prey upon adults and spread disease among them. An epidemic ceases when the particular blade of grass housing some malicious elf is pulled up by a patient shaman. The Caribs send their souls to the invisible through potent drink and mumble the wisdom of the diaphanous gods in drunken stupor. Tut-ankh-a-men's body, preserved in gums and wrapped in gold, awaits the return of his bird-like soul to last year's nest. Saints, through the pages of history, ride white horses on the field of battle and fight for their favored nation. From this one sees that ghosts are relative concepts; they have no quality of the absolute which might be expected from disembodied intelligence.

Today we cherish a sentimental regard for ghosts. Shades of lovers walk in the gloaming instead of pursuing their rivals with long knives and evil intent as among the Greeks. Our departed friends tap on the wall, although why wall-tapping has its present vogue among ghostly visitants no one seems to know. Perhaps it comes from the suggestion of the Morse code; if so, when will the hovering spirits who listen in on worldly affairs learn to broadcast in a recoverable wave length? This seems frivolous, but the point is that ghosts follow the changing fashions. Natural law, which might be explained as cosmic intelligence, is absolute and inviolate.

A case showing how relative the question of ghosts may be was brought to my attention at Bocay, a Mosquito Indian village in the very heart of Central America, by a woman *sukia* named Rosa. When a Mosquito Indian dies, his ghost, or *insigni*, must be caught and induced to live in a spirit lodge set

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like a dove-cote over the grave. Some months after death there is a final ceremony, a farewell service in which drunkenness figures, after which the ghost departs for *Misriyapti*, Mother-of-all, a personified hereafter and heretofore. The body is buried immediately after death, and the catching of the soul in the house of the dead person may be delayed for several days. In olden days the soul used to take refuge in all the animals and other property of the dead person, which had to be killed or broken to drive it out. Now the mosquito netting over the bed is so good a ghost trap that the wholesale destruction is no longer necessary.

Rosa, the *sukia*, was then handling a strange case. It seems a young woman had died shortly before the expected birth of a child, and the ghost of this woman had appealed in a dream to Rosa to remain at home until the child was born. So Rosa had postponed the catching of this gravid ghost, with the result that the dead woman appeared a second time after two weeks and announced that her child had now been born and she was ready to depart. I was invited to attend the ghost-catching that night. There was feasting and drinking, then a shot was fired to announce that the *insigni* of the young mother, and presumably that of her child, had been induced to enter a calabash and was securely bottled up.

Is there a scientific method whereby the existence of the spiritual can be tested? Science mostly compiles measurements in terms of time and space and kind, and the eternally disembodied is beyond its technique. Of course the manifestations of light, of changes in temperature, of sounds, of the much mooted ectoplasm, are really inadmissible of evidence of spirituality because they are material. Moreover they are often cheating. Force originates in the relations of matter and is never capricious. To be sure, science discovers approximations rather than exact identities, but on a plotted field of recorded facts it lays down truth in ideal curves. Are the present hodge-podges of psychic phenomena capable of such treatment? Probably not.

Man through many centuries has created for himself a realm of the mind,—an ego-centric universe. He accepts his fellow man in the same mould as himself, and primitive man accepts even the animals, the trees, and the winds in the same fashion.

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In the growth of society the minds of individuals coalesce into group minds, and develop patterns of thought which are comparable to the conventional forms of art. Among these is the naïve conclusion that mind or soul, or whatever the name may be, is too good to die with the body. Levy-Bruhl points out that savage mentality is distinguished by a kind of pre-logic which is impervious to contradiction, and depends on mystical categories. Does not the belief in ghosts also depend on mystical categories? Is it not also impervious to contradictions?

CARTE BLANCHE

T. Morris Longstreth

I sang a song of gladness;
It caused the gods to smile.

I sang a song of sorrow;
They listened for a while.

And then I sang a song of love;
They moved uneasily.

I sang a song of very truth;
They left the sky to me.

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The Little French Girl

A Novel in Nine Installments—III

Anne Douglas Sedgwick

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Alix de Mouveray is spending a winter in England with the family of Captain Owen Bradley, a charming young English officer whom Alix's mother, Madame Vervier, had befriended during his furloughs in France before his death at the Front. Hospitably received into a middle class English country house, Alix immediately establishes a friendship with Giles, Owen's younger brother, and with Toppie Westmacott, the dead officer's fiancee, who cherishes Owen's memory with an almost morbid constancy, and who is indifferent to the hopeless devotion of Giles. Alix, having seen Owen more recently than any of the others, supplies Toppie and Mrs. Bradley with her impressions of him. One evening she is asked a question which makes her realize that Owen had deceived them all by making them believe he had had only one furlough, instead of the three which he had spent with Alix and her mother.

Alix saves the situation by inventing a falsehood, but Giles sees through it, for during one of his own leaves he had by chance caught sight of Owen and Madame Vervier together in the Bois at Paris. Giles admits this privately to Alix, and his guarded manner implies that he has a sinister interpretation of her mother's friendship with Owen. Alix is overwhelmed. She had lied in order to spare Mrs. Bradley and Toppie. Now she is faced with a passionately loyal desire to shield her mother, and is at the same time conscious of something in her mother's nature that gives color to Giles' antagonism. Sharing a painful secret increases their frankness and their friendship, and leads to a pact. Alix is to help Giles with Toppie, and, if the need arises, he is to help her protect her mother. He agrees, feeling that Alix herself needs protection more than Madame Vervier.

Chapter VIII

IT WAS evident to Alix, thinking and thinking of it in the day and night that followed her talk with Giles, that the best way of helping him was not to be there at all. The greater the distance between her and Maman's life, and Toppie's life, the safer would Toppie be. If Toppie must not be hurt, neither must Maman. She had been long enough in England, she wrote to Maman, sitting there behind Giles the next morning. It was not that she was unhappy; but it was not her life. She was a sea-fish,—Alix found the metaphor, feeling that it would be helpful with Maman,—and they were river-fishes; and she begged that she might come home.

Eight days passed before Maman's answer arrived. It was decisive. She could not think of having Alix back till spring. Alix must not fret. How far less trying it was for her to be at Heathside with such good friends than if, like so many girls of her age, she had been in a convent. As for herself, Maman was starting in a few days with friends for a little trip to Italy and would not be back in Paris till April or May.

A few days after this Alix and Giles and

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Mrs. Bradley motored to Oxford. It was sad to be losing Giles. The cold, gray day matched her mood, and as they entered the mean, modern streets of Oxford, at dusk, she thought she had never seen so triste a town.

She and Mrs. Bradley slept that night at lodgings in the town, and Alix made her first acquaintance with the English lodging-house bed. There was no *sommier*, and the mattress seemed to be filled with potatoes. They helped Giles with his books and pictures next morning, and in the afternoon he said he must show her Oxford while his mother shopped. It was raining.

"You can't very well imagine how jolly all this is on a fine day," said Giles, "when the sun comes out, you know, and the distances are blue, and the stone golden, and the gardens full of flowers."

He was sad, too, Alix felt, though he tried to speak cheerfully, and the day was unbecoming to him as to everything else. He looked a gaunt, uncouth student, his nose projecting under his cap and his eyes making Alix think, in their meditative melancholy, of the swans. He would, of course, be missing Toppie.

"All the women wear velour hats of the same shape," she observed as they made their way along the High. "All turn up behind and down in front. Now I would turn mine down behind and up in front, —with a slight curve to the side; the line is better. And for *costumes tailleurs* it is so needful that the skirt should hang evenly."

"Is it?" said Giles with a gloomy grin. "I'm showing you the architecture of Oxford, not the clothes."

"Are they all wives of philosophers?" Alix inquired, and the question indubitably interested her more than the architecture.

"A good many of them are, no doubt. Do you wonder if my wife will look like that?"

Alix had a sudden vision of Toppie in the rainy High Street. Yes, even dear Toppie would sink, she felt, into the fatal sameness. She could see her, slender, in her wet gray tweed, speeding on a bicycle in just such a velour hat.

"Would you care to marry soon?" The question, she knew, was academic merely. There could be no hope of marriage for Giles as long as Toppie thought only of Owen. But they could both pretend.

"I couldn't marry soon; I've no money." He led her off to Christ Church meadows.

"None at all, Giles?"

"Only enough to keep myself and a bit over. To buy a wife a better hat and a smarter *costume tailleur* I'd need a great deal more."

"Would they know,—the others,—if she had to live in Oxford, that her hats and dresses were different?"

"Oh, I expect women always know that,—even the wives of philosophers!"

For tea they went to a professor friend, who lived in the Banbury Road with two unmarried daughters,—middle-aged ladies with lean red faces and gray hair strained tightly back above their ears and clothes of which all that could be said was that they were warm and clean. They paid no attention to her beyond carefully feeding her,—as if, she reflected, she had been a pet dog led in by Mrs. Bradley. Miss Grace came to draw the curtain and asked Alix if she were warm and Alix said she was.

Giles seemed quite at home, lifting the scones from the little brass stand before the fire, talking about municipal elections to Miss Jenifer and about the Bach Choir to Miss Grace. With Giles as the link of identity between them, Alix saw that Heathside was part of the Banbury Road. Even Giles seemed far away as the sense of alienation grew within her.

Then as she sat there, alone, apart, the throb of a big motor came up to the gate and a moment afterwards a lady was among them who, by her presence, dispelled the sense of loneliness. It might have been into Maman's salon that she came, so vivid was Alix's sense of knowing what she would do and say and of liking both beforehand. All furs and pearls and softness, and such sweet smiles,—she was one of the people who could see and blow and catch soap-bubbles. And while she talked to the professor she cast mild, bright glances at Giles, at Mrs. Bradley, at herself. Alix saw that it was at herself that she looked most, and presently when the lady and Mrs. Bradley talked, Mrs. Bradley called her to them and, holding her hand, scanning her face, the lady said she knew her name. "It's there behind

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me; where I don't quite know,—in an old letter, a volume of memoirs; an ancestor of mine, I feel it must have been, who knew a Mouveray in Paris before the Revolution. Yes, that was it. A Comte Henri de Mouveray."

Alix remembered, too. "He was guillotined at Lyon. He was a great uncle of Grandpère's."

When Lady Mary Hamble was gone, Alix felt herself scanned by Miss Grace and Miss Jennifer as if from a spaniel she had altered to a monkey: not more interesting, but more curious. The professor still didn't see her at all. He brushed Lady Mary aside and went on talking to Giles about Relativity.

"Don't you think Lady Mary very lovely, Giles?" said Mrs. Bradley. "She must be as old as I am, I suppose; yet how lovely."

"She's not nearly as lovely as you are," said Giles, poking the fire.

Mrs. Bradley laughed. "That's loyal, but not accurate, my dear."

"No one can be so smooth without being artificial," said Giles. "She's awfully nice, I'm sure; but for beauty—"

It would not be polite to contradict him, but Alix, too, thought Giles absurd.

Chapter IX

She and Mrs. Bradley motored home together next day. Alix had never yet seen so much of Mrs. Bradley as on this drive. It was as if today, with its sense of interlude,—no papers to read, no committees to attend,—Mrs. Bradley, without b coming intimate, became confiding. Alix was touched, because she felt that Mrs. Bradley must so often need to confide and would not know it. She talked to her about Giles. "I know he'll do well. I know he will be useful. Giles will always pull his weight wherever he is," she said, and the conception of life as a boat where one's meaning consisted in pulling one's weight was a very new one to Alix. When his mother so spoke, she saw Giles sitting, half stripped, in the chilly English air, bent to the oars among comrades and ready for the word of command. That was what his mother desired for him: that strenuous, rigorous life. Maman did not think of life like that. She wanted no rigors for her child. She didn't care a bit about her being useful. Other people were to be of use to her, and she was to enjoy herself. That was Maman's idea.

"You've seen, I'm sure," said Mrs. Bradley, her gentle eyes fixed before her on the long straight road, "how fond he is of Toppie. It's always been so. Even before she and Owen fell in love with each other. I've sometimes wondered,—I've sometimes wished—" Mrs. Bradley's voice dropped to a musing uncertainty.

"Giles was much younger than Captain Owen, was he not?"

"Not so much younger. He is a year older than Toppie. Twenty-five. But it wasn't that. She would, I'm afraid, never have thought of him, with Owen there. Perhaps she had always been too sure of him and taken him for granted, while with Owen, until he did at last fall in love with her, she was never sure. He was fond of several people, you see, before he was fond of Toppie. I'm afraid she suffered, poor darling," Mrs. Bradley mused on, while Alix knew a growing discomfort in hearing her. "Owen could have been happy with so many girls. It wasn't with him the one great thing only; whereas with Giles it was."

"And perhaps if she had married him," said Alix, her thoughts held by that sense of something painful, "she would have suffered even more. If he continued to be fond of other people."

"Oh, but that couldn't have been after they were married!" Mrs. Bradley exclaimed, with a shock of surprise in her voice, while her eyes, almost scared by the suggestion, turned to scan the meditative face of the little French girl beside her. "That couldn't have been after he loved her at last; after they were engaged. Oh no; Owen would have been faithful, always!"

"But all men are not faithful, are they?" Alix commented, keeping her eyes before her and her voice quiet and impersonal. She felt that she would like to know what Mrs. Bradley thought on this subject. "So many wives, I mean, from what one hears, have unfaithful husbands."

Mrs. Bradley continued to scan her with even more alarm. "But I hope you don't hear of such dreadful things, dear child. No good husband is unfaithful."

"Is it so very dreadful? Can one

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govern one's heart? I see that it is different for a wife," said Alix. "She is at home and has the children. But a man, out in the world,—may he not form many attachments without so much blame? I cannot see why it is so dreadful."

"You are too young, dear, to understand these things. Yet even you, I am sure, can imagine how terrible it would be to know that your husband, whom you loved and trusted, loved other people."

"It might be very sad," Alix considered the remote contingency. "I see that it might make me sad, if I loved him very much. But I would have the children, the *foyer*. And then he might still love me most, while loving others, too. Do you not find that possible, here in England? In France, I am sure, we do not feel it so strange a thought."

"We feel it strange,—very strange and dreadful," said Mrs. Bradley with as much vehemence as she ever displayed on any subject. "No, no; such a thing would have been impossible with Owen and Toppie. All that I meant was that his love was different in quality from Giles'. Giles' nature, in some ways, is deeper than dear Owen's was."

"Oh, yes. Deeper. One feels that at once," Alix murmured, while the thought, seen at last clearly, pierced her through that Giles was held from his happiness by an illusion, since Toppie might not have cared for Captain Owen had she known how much he cared for Maman. "Perhaps in time she will come to see what Giles is and love him. Do you not think so?"

"It's what I hope for more than anything, Alix," said Mrs. Bradley. "Giles has had such a sad life. He doesn't show it, unless one knows him very well. Even as a little boy I always felt him rather frustrated and sad. He adored Owen, who was older and didn't pay much attention to him; and he adored Toppie, who never gave him a hope. And then the war came and ended his youth, and he saw worse things than Owen saw. His best friends were killed beside him. He went through everything. It was never such a problem to men like Owen. They accepted it and didn't try to understand. Giles hasn't been embittered, but there is such a weight on his heart. I feel it always and long for some happiness to come to him."

Alix had seen it in Giles' face. Under his vehemence, his gaiety, he carried dark memories,—and there were darknesses his mother did not know of. Perhaps it helped him to be less lonely that she should know of them and that they should be her darknesses, too. It gave Alix courage to bear the weight of perplexity and fear, during the winter, to feel that she shared the weight with Giles.

He wrote to her, and though he did not ask her for news of Toppie she knew that was what he wanted and gave him every detail. Toppie went away to Bath at the end of February, but until then Alix sent Giles her bulletins.

Spring came at last, the early flowers, the returning birds, Toppie back from Bath, and the Easter holidays hovering on a near horizon. And one day at tea-time Mrs. Bradley handed Alix a letter she had just received from Lady Mary Hamble. Could Mrs. Bradley lend Alix to them for a week-end, Lady Mary asked. There were to be young people in the house and a little dance.

At first, in her pleasure, strangely compounded of a sense of relief, escape, and the soft breath of a familiar balm wafted towards her, Alix did not notice the dates. Then she saw that the Monday of Lady Mary's dance was the Monday of Mrs. Bradley's,—the dance to which Toppie had promised to come; the dance for which Giles would be back; the invitations all out and all accepted.

She did not tell Giles in her next letter about the invitation to Cresswell Abbey, but when he came home Ruth told him, the first thing, at tea-time, all assembled as they were in the drawing-room, Toppie and herself in their accustomed places on the sofa beside Mrs. Bradley, and Ruth sitting on the arm of her brother's chair.

"Only think of it, Giles! Mummy actually thought she ought to go! Because Cresswell Abbey is such a lovely place! The day of our dance, mind you! Toppie's cousins here and all!"

Giles seemed taken aback. "The week-end? She'd have been going today."

"And missed your coming home, Giles, —as if she *could!*" cried Rosemary.

"And Amy expecting her puppies any day now," said Jack.

"Mummy," said Giles, eyeing his contented sisters, "You ought to have made

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her go. Alix is over here to see England, all she can of it."

"I did my best, dear," said Mrs. Bradley, pouring out her tea. "She quite refused. And Toppie aided and abetted her."

Toppie smiled at him with more sweetness than Alix had ever yet seen on her face for Giles. "She can go another time to Lady Mary's."

"Didn't you want to go to Cresswell Abbey?" he asked Alix next morning in the study, and with the question the time of their separation collapsed and, his eyes on hers, she felt him near and familiar once more, concerned, as always, for her welfare. That was it. He understood that it might have given her so much pleasure, and Ruth and Rosemary didn't understand that at all.

She confessed. "Yes, I did. But not so much that I could miss you and our dance. The dance was planned for me, Giles."

"I saw you took to each other. I saw you belonged to each other," Giles mused. "I'm sorry you didn't go."

"Would you rather I were staying with her than here with you?"

"No; I'd rather you were staying here. But I'd like you to have a slice of cake now and then after all the thick bread-and-butter. Now you, of course, would like to have the cake all the time," and Giles smiled at her, summoning her to confess to her frivolity. But when asked like that, there in the study, with the gas fire and the untidy heaped books and the Greek temples and the foolish animals on the mantelpiece, Alix did not feel sure. She liked Lady Mary. She loved the balm she wafted. She felt sure that no one here would appreciate her white taffeta; they would think Ruth's pink silk ninon with the embroidered edges just as pretty. But there would not, she felt even surer, be any one at Cresswell Abbey who would understand as Giles did.

PART TWO

Chapter I

"*C'est la France,*" said Alix. She leaned beside him on the railing of the Channel steamer and looked through the blue of the July day to where the town of Dieppe thinly shaped itself, like a line of gray-white shells floating between sea and sky. Her phrase was spoken in a tone of quiet statement, unstressed by any emotion, yet Giles, while they watched the shore together, felt its echoes stretching back revealingly into the past and out towards the future.

That was really what had been at the bottom of her heart during all her time with them: France. And if she had talked about it so little, that must merely have been, he reflected, because she cared about it so much. Of course she loved her own country; he could not expect or wish anything else; but had she, he wondered, any more love for England now than when she had first come among them? He felt, when he asked himself the question, a little rueful and a little vexed. She was not a shallow child, that he knew; it was because she was not shallow that he minded her imperviousness to all that meant so much to them. And with this imperviousness went the oddly mature security, as of a creature formed and fixed. It was when he thought of this security that Giles felt a little angry; for, after all, what had France given her, poor kid?

Giles did not think of his family, in particular, as benefactors to the little French girl. It was England as a whole that he had hoped would by this time have crept about her heart: England with its gentle days of spring, its balmy days of summer; all the happy family life, tennis, dogs, strawberries on the lawn, and long bicycle rides over the hills; England's sweetness and fidelity embodied in his mother, its holiness in Toppie.

The star-like image of Toppie rose before the young man's mind and with it his deepest doubt of the little French girl beside him. He had come from pity for the child's unconscious plight, pity for the cruelty of her position there among them,—a little creature so proud that it would have been to her a burning humiliation could she have guessed how her mother had dealt with her and them in foisting her upon them,—he had come from this initial pity to feel affection, then an odd, perplexed respect, and finally a profound, a tender solicitude. It was upon her future in France, with her mother, that it centered; but that was the outward aspect of the inner fear, for when he thought of Toppie and of holiness, the question he

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had also to ask himself was whether Alix was impervious to holiness, too.

Giles felt that he would be better able to face that question, and with it the whole problem of the child's future, when he had seen "Maman." That was why he had said "Yes" on the morning when Maman's letter at last had come summoning Alix home. She had, poor little creature, helped him; he still felt stung with shame to think how much they had all profited by her falsehoods. And he was bound to help her. He knew all that had lain behind the appeal as she said, "Oh, Giles, could you not come with me, and stay, if only for a little while, so that at last you and Maman may meet?"

It had not been of Maman he was thinking when he assented; it had been, as on that day last winter, of Alix herself. And that was why he was here, on his way to Normandy and the village on the cliff. He had not an idea of what he was to say to Alix's mother, and it was no good thinking about it until he saw her,—saw her again! How the phrase brought back the unforgetable pang and misery. It had been the stillest day, that spring day in the Bois. Owen's face had given him all the truth: its rapture, its terrible stilled restlessness. And though she was so quiet, walking there, her head bent down a little, her eyes fixed before her, Giles had felt, for all the innocence of his chaste boyhood, that Madame Vervier was so quiet because she possessed Owen so completely. How clearly he could see her still, with her brooding brightness, her soft gloom. He could not see her as baleful; he only saw her secure in power and loveliness. And this was the tormenting discrepancy; for she was the woman who had taken Owen from Toppie; she was the woman who, after her lover's death, had placidly made use of what assets he had left her: his family, and its trust in him and her. And she was the more baleful to him from the fact that though he remembered her so vividly and knew such portentous things about her, herself he did not know at all.

There was one thing about her, however, that he could and ought to know at once, and the thought of it worked its way up into his mind while he and Alix leaned there. They had never again spoken of their secret, but, before he met her, he ought to know whether Alix had told her mother what he knew of Owen's stays with them in Paris. And suddenly, his eyes fixed upon the wharves of Dieppe, he said, "You think she'll feel it all right that I've come?"

"She will be delighted."

"She couldn't be delighted, I take it, if she knew that I had a grievance about my brother on her account."

He had spoken very abruptly, yet he had, he felt, put it well.

"What we know of your brother," said Alix after a pause, "would not give her a grievance against you; only against him."

"Against him? Oh, I see. You think he didn't tell her that he'd kept us in the dark?"

"He could not have told her, Giles; if that is really what you are asking me?"

Giles, a little confused, retraced his steps. "What I'm really asking you is whether *you've* told her. I want to know where I stand."

Again Alix was silent. "It has been my great perplexity," she said at last. "I wrote to her at once, that time last winter, and begged that I might come home; and when I found she could not have me, I thought it best to say nothing then. Perhaps you will blame me, Giles. But I thought it best to wait. It will give her such pain when she knows."

It would never have given her so much pain, Giles, with a sudden glow of indignation, felt, as it had already given her daughter. "Blame you? I? After all, his silence meant devotion to herself."

"Do you think so?" said Alix. "I am afraid she will not feel it so. I am afraid she will feel that it meant cowardice and lack of loyalty,—as it does to me."

Giles was now aware of an uncomfortable astonishment. He had to remember that Alix was nearly seventeen. A woman could not have spoken with a more secure assurance of putting him in his place.

"I see," he said lamely. "And you would not like to spoil her memory of him?"

"We kept it from your mother and from Toppie because it would spoil their memory of him," said Alix.

"It's only," said Giles, going carefully, "that it seems unfair to your mother to let me come and keep her in ignorance of what I know. It's for you to judge, Alix;

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but since you love your mother so much, I rather wonder that you can bear to keep such a secret from her. And, quite apart from me, oughtn't she to know just what she does send you back to?"

"Send me back to?" Alix echoed strangely.

"Yes. Before you come back in the autumn, don't you think she ought to know?"

"Do you really imagine, Giles, that if Maman knew she would send me back?"

"Well," he felt that he flushed,—he had not foreseen this emergency,—"since I know, and since I want you back,—why not she?"

"Do you count Maman's pride for nothing?"

Madame Vervier's pride had never for a moment engaged his attention, and did not now. His attention was fully engaged by Alix's pride, facing him with a look of granite.

"I don't really see why she should take it so hardly. Your relation to us has, really, nothing to do with her relation to Owen. It's a new thing; and that's an old one; it's all over."

"I could not be there on false pretences. You have a right to think it of me since I have never told her. But it is all over now; the new as well as the old. I need never tell her now. For I am at home again, and I shall never come back to Heathside."

"Never come back to Heathside!" Actually for the moment Maman, Owen, Toppie, all the grief and perplexity that hung about these figures, were swept from Giles' mind by his deep discomfiture. "But this is only your holiday. Your mother's letter said so."

"She thinks it is only my holiday. But I am older now. I shall see to it that I do not return to England."

Ass that he had been not to realize the impasse to which their talk was leading them! It was as if he saw her walking away into a dark forest where dreadful creatures prowled. She was too fine, too brave, too loyal a little creature to be given up to her fate. He had felt that day in his study that he would fight her fate for her, and he felt now that the moment had come for the first grapple. But in fighting Alix's fate he must fight her. He could not tell her the fact that would have turned her pride to dust and ashes. He could not tell her that her mother had sent her to them on pretences so false that the minor falsity she repudiated paled beside them.

Horribly handicapped as he was for the contest, he seized the bull by the horns: "Look here, my dear child," he declared, speaking with all the elder brother authority he could summon up, "You said to me that day that you were going to trust me. Well, I ask you to trust me now. I want you back. We all want you back. Let that suffice. No; wait a moment. I know what you are going to say,—if Toppie knew would she want you? I'll take the responsibility of answering for Toppie. She is so fond of you that I know she would. Can't we leave it at that? And you're quite right not to tell your mother. Let the whole thing rest forever."

She listened to him gently, but her face still kept the invulnerable look strange in one so young. "You are kind, dear Giles. I do trust you. But you can't answer for Toppie. You can't answer for anybody. And I *can* answer for Maman in this matter. She would not let me come."

"Are you so sure of that?" broke from Giles. And now, pushed to it, he ventured far. "After all she must have known that he kept a great deal from us. After all, she must have known that he cared more for her than he did for Toppie; that he had been faithless to Toppie because of her."

Poor little Alix. It was not fair. She paled in hearing him. "May he not have kept that from her, too?"

"Do you think that possible?" Giles asked; but he was sorry now, seeing the deep trouble on her face, that he had spoken.

After a little pause Alix said, in no spirit of retaliation, but as though she put up a final barrier against his persistence: "Even if all the difficult things we know of were not there, I should still not come back to Heathside. I do not care, ever, to leave France again."

Chapter II

The train moved slowly, almost ruminatingly, along the golden landscape, a little local train stopping at every station. The crops were still uncut and their vast undulations were broken only by lines of

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lonely, poplared road or marshalled woods venturing out, here and there, upon the plains. Empty and rather sad, for all the splendor of the gold beneath, the blue above, it looked to Giles; but that might have been, he knew, because of its associations for him with scenes of the war, and he was feeling a little sick, too,—apprehensions of the approaching future seizing him as he and Alix sat silent in the second-class carriage, where both the windows were tightly shut.

A thin blue crescent of sea cut into the fields on the right. In the distance, on a rise of country, a pale pink chateau stood with wings of sculptured woodland on either side, a long green lawn in front.

"It can't be far now," said Alix. "Vaudettes is four miles from the station. Maman will come to meet us, with Monsieur de Maubert."

"Who is Monsieur de Maubert?" asked Giles.

"He is an old friend of ours. I do not remember the time when we did not know Monsieur de Maubert."

"You like him?"

"Oh, very much. *C'est un homme fort distinguê*," said Alix, relapsing into French, her thoughts fixed in anticipation.

"How distinguished?"

"Oh, I am so ignorant, Giles. Wise things do not interest me, you know. He has excavated cities: Persian, Mongolian,—he is at once *savant* and *homme du monde*."

"And will he be the only guest except me?"

"Ah, that I do not know. There are three guest chambers at Les Chardonnerets. The next station will be ours."

He could hardly find again the face of the February day in the Bois. It was her form, her poise that gave her to one now, and Giles' first impression of the white, sunlit figure waiting on the platform was of a Greek Victory, splendid, strong, exultant. Her face, under the falling lines of a white hat, was almost dissolved in a transparent shadow,—only its grave, fixed smile, like a pearl in golden wine, remained, as it were, shaped and palpable. He had seen her as the Parisienne; the creature of elegance and artifice; but he found her almost primitive, set here in the sea breezes, and so much more robust than he had remembered,—if anything so delicate could be so called. Freshness and force breathed from her, and the classic analogies she brought to his mind were emphasized by her straightly falling dress,—a tennis dress perhaps, for her arms were bare.

"*Ma chêrie! Ma petite chêrie!*" she said.

The train had come to a standstill, and it was as if Alix had flown into her arms. She had been as silent as a spectre on that spectral day when he had first seen her. Her voice now startled him. Tears were in it, and tears were in her eyes as she clasped her child.

Giles stood by, holding Alix's dressing case, and felt himself a modern tourist gazing at some beautiful relief on the pediment of a sunlit temple. Just as little difference, he saw it suddenly and clearly, any knowledge of his would make to Madame Vervier. She was lifted, how or why he did not know, far above the dusty impressions of the throng. "*Soyez le bienvenu, Monsieur Giles.* My little girl has had only good things to tell me of you," she said, stretching out a welcoming hand. So a queen might have received the young equerry who had safely restored to her the princess royal. They had been good to her child, the dusty throng. That was the importance they had in Madame Vervier's eyes,—that, and no more.

Struggling with many thoughts, Giles followed mother and daughter. The ghost of Owen walked beside him, and did it whisper: "You see, how could I have helped myself?"

Two other young men were also following Madame Vervier and Alix. "*Vous jouez le tennis, monsieur?*" asked one of them, in a gentle voice. He was a charming, white-clad person, tall and slender, with eyes intensely blue, black hair brushed back, and a face like a fox for *finesse* and *flair* and like a seraph's for sweetness. Perhaps he had perceived the something gagged and struggling in Giles' demeanor. Giles said that he did play, and he and the charming person exchanged smiles. The other young man who must, Giles thought, be an artist, was dressed in brown velveteen and blue linen, and had a dark, square, suffering head.

Giles doubled himself up on the *strapontin* at right angles to Alix and her

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mother. The two young men were in front. The road counted off its sections in tall poplars. They passed behind Madame Vervier's head, and though Giles was so aware of her, he looked at the poplars and the fields beyond them rather than at her. She and Alix talked in French together, and Alix's voice was revealed to him as like her mother's when she spoke her native tongue: musical, rhythmical, dipping, poising, and then rising to a final lift, like a swallow's flight. Their hands were clasped. Their eyes were on each other. He could look at Alix, after all, and from the poplars he shifted his eyes to her. He had never seen the child with that face before: tender, radiant, and with something of pride so deep that it hovered on the brink of tears. Her glance met his and was tender for him too, as though with Owen's ghost it said, "You see; how is it possible not to love her?"

He had never before found himself in the company of a woman who seemed so to typify the *femme du monde*,—so apt at showing you only precisely what she intended to show you of her real purpose, so sure that for every occasion she would know what to do far better than you could even understand. And yet, more than the *femme du monde* she made him think of the mountain torrent,—Alix had been right,—in its strength, its splendor, and its danger, too. And he knew that he did not like dangerous women.

It was to Alix alone that she talked; yet once or twice, as they drove, Giles was aware of being observed. All unimportant as he was, he felt her dark eyes turned on him, resting upon him, in meditation rather than in surmise. It was, he had noted this already, a curiously widely opened eye. Its rounded darkness gave to her contemplative gaze a fixed, abstracted quality. When you found her observing you, she did not look away; so that presently you wondered whether she was seeing you at all.

They left the poplared road behind them, passed through unhedged fields, stretching on one hand to the horizon and on the other to the cliff-edge, and finally, rounding the curve of a white road with a white-washed wall, came within the precincts of the little town which stood open to the sunlight. They were at once in the *Place* that circled round a large pond where patient men in large straw hats sa fishing. Houses, stately in their modesty looked over rows of pollarded fruit tree and high walls tiled in red. Built of pal old brick and flint, with high-pitched roof above dormer windows, they seemed t speak of a delicious leisure that was, ir itself, an occupation. People who lived i such houses, Giles thought, would neve be idle; yet all their industry would hav the savor of an art. How darkly lustrou the windows shone; how unremittingly were those bright gardens tended. H saw, as they passed an open gate, a stou old man in a white linen coat tying musli bags over the pears that ripened on th wall. Under a *charmille* a woman sa stemming currants. Along the broa white street a peasant girl, her bare hea as neat as a nut, clattered in sabots, carry ing a great earthenware jar, and a smal white woolly dog, of a breed unknown t Giles, barked languidly from his doorste as they passed.

From the *Place* the little town strayed out into leafy lanes, and as they entere one of them, a sunny round of sky an cliff-edge at the other end, framed i foliage, showed Giles that they were a their journey's end. High hedges an thickets of wind-swept trees protected th little house,—brick, flint, and tiles,—fro the gales that must, in stormy season beat upon it from the sea. Flowers gre gaily, though untidily, beside the narro flagged path that led from the wicket-gat to the back door. They crossed a band o cobble-stones where oleanders grew i tubs, and, as they entered, passed kitchen gleaming with ranged coppers.

Giles, as he followed Madame Vervie and Alix, had the sensation of steppin into a fairy-tale. The Three Bears an Goldilocks might have welcomed one t such a bright, dark little house among i sunny thickets. Its very smell was fairy-tale smell: beeswax, sea-shells, an coarse clean linen. A tall clock tic tocked on the stair; there was a gre Normandy *armoire*, softly gleaming, c and worn, at a turning of a passag Madame Vervier's white figure wer before, and as she bent her head to ft latch he saw her russet hair twiste u from the nape of her neck, and that wa like some picture he had seen. And he

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they were suddenly out upon a broad verandah washed with sunlight and opening only on the blue. Sea-gulls floated by, high above the sea, at the cliff's edge, level with the eyes. Vines fluttered, translucent, against the sun; the scent of the honeysuckle came balmily; the sea was sprinkled with sails.

A stately personage was reading in the shade. He was dressed in white; he had thick hair and a gray divided beard. Lifting his tortoise-shell eyeglasses from the bridge of his nose, he rose to greet them, and Giles found himself penetrated by the deep gaze of Jovian gray eyes set under a Jovian forehead,—penetrated and appraised, for the first time in his life, by standards mysteriously remote. This must be Monsieur de Maubert, and Giles had never seen anyone like him. It was not exactly sustaining to say to himself that, hang it, Monsieur de Maubert had probably never seen anyone like *him;* the advantage, he felt, must seem only to be his.

Monsieur de Maubert turned from Giles to put his hand on Alix's shoulder. He observed her in silence for a moment with a most benignant smile, and then remarked, "*Te voilà presqu' une grande personne, ma chère enfant,*" and, stooping his head, he kissed her hand.

"Now you will wish to see your room," said Madame Vervier.

She had taken off her hat, and stood there, looking at them, a little preoccupied, her hat hanging against her dress and the sun flickering in upon her high-wreathed russet hair. Cut across her forehead and half tossed back, it seemed as simply, as cursorily done as that of a little girl who, for the first time, sweeps up her tresses. She was looking at them all, but Giles felt as he turned to her that it was upon himself that the wide, abstracted gaze was dwelling. Monsieur de Maubert had appraised him; it was probable that Madame Vervier had appraised him, too.

With Alix's arm passed in hers, Madame Vervier led him up a narrow staircase where the smell of beeswax, sea-shells, and linen seemed to cluster yet more thickly, and along a passage carpeted in matting where the sea-breeze, blowing in from windows at each end, made a singing noise. The room was at the end of the passage, and when one entered one had before one in the windows nothing but sea and sky. Gray woodwork framed panels of *voile de Genes,*—rose, white, russet, and sepia. The little Louis Quinze bed was of gray painted wood, stately under its pink and russet embroideries. A bowl of rose-colored carnations filled the air with spicy fragrance.

"We are very primitive," said Madame Vervier. "There are no bells. If you want Albertine, you must go to the stair and call down for her. She will hear and come."

"Ah, she will not always come," Alix demurred, whereat Madame Vervier smiled and said that in that case he must call Alix.

Then they left him and he could go to the window, turning away instinctively from the room and all it meant of Madame Vervier, and, with a rising sense of dismay and fierceness in his heart, ask himself what he did there in the Circe sweetness. Alix was what he did, of course; but how far away Alix had become!

When she knocked at his door, twenty minutes later, and told him that tea was ready, he felt that it was with a dull gaze that he met her. She had asked him to come because of something he could do to help her, but now her radiant demeanor seemed to demonstrate that she had brought him so that he might be enchanted. Circe, Circe,—that was the word in his mind. Only Circe, he supposed, allured, enticed; while Madame Vervier only gazed at you with wide, intent, indifferent eyes.

"I suppose," he said, with his hands in his pockets, standing in the middle of the lovely room, "you feel England has ceased to exist, and a good job, too."

There was a touch of gay malice in Alix's smile. "How could I feel that when you are here?"

"Will cease to exist, once I'm gone," Giles amended.

"France has never existed for you at all," Alix remarked.

"I beg your pardon, young woman, it existed for me from the moment I set eyes on you," said Giles gloomily, "to say nothing of the year I fought over here."

Alix then did a very unexpected thing. She advanced into the center of the room and clasped her hands around his arm and

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looked into his face. "Do not be heavy with me, Giles," she said, "when I am so happy."

He looked down at her fondly and sadly. "I suppose it's because I see you happy for the first time that I feel heavy."

"Were you not happy when you returned to your home and to your mother after the war?"

"That's not quite the same," Giles objected. "After all, you've not been in daily peril of your life. Of course you're happy. But try not to show me too plainly how little we all mean to you."

Madame Vervier, as they stood thus, passed along the corridor and paused and looked in at them,—looked, Giles felt, with surprise. Alix smiled round at her. "He thinks I do not care for England any longer, Maman, or for him."

Madame Vervier, after her pause, advanced slowly into the room, and her smile did not conceal from Giles her covert examination of himself. It was a smile deep and soft, superficially acquiescent, but concealing much. Vigilance was in it, and the recognition, too, perhaps, of something unforeseen that England had already done to her child. Such untroubled intimacy between young man and maiden was not, Giles divined, in the traditions to which Madame Vervier was accustomed. Yet her smile suggested no reproof.

She moved to them, and passed her arm in Alix's, so that they stood, all three, linked together, and, smiling on, she remarked, "You must not give your good friend cause for such fancies, darling."

She spoke in English, and her English was almost as perfect as Alix's. The *r* of darling, just rolled, like the almost imperceptible ripple on the smooth surface of a shell, made the word at once more playful and more caressing.

"But I have just told him, Maman, that I should never forget him," said Alix as they moved towards the door. "And there can be no question of that, Giles, for you will come often and often to Les Chardonnerets, will you not?"

Giles did not answer this question. It was unexpected, and its sweetness was unexpected. His mind, however, was occupied with the discomfort that came to him at seeing himself made to appear as a person so personally involved in regrets for Alix's removal. It was not himself, first and foremost, he had been thinking of at all when he felt those regrets; it was of England, of his mother and Toppie, of the noisy, untidy, but devoted family life, of the birch wood at evening where he had taught Alix the song of the willow-warbler, of his beautiful Oxford and "The Messiah" on winter evenings.

These were the things he wanted Alix to remember, and it could not console him to know that she expected to see him again, when he felt sure that she would see his England disappear from her life without one pang.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Mrs. Seymour Replies

Sharp conflict of opinion combined with great sincerity and earnestness marked the debate in the March issue of THE FORUM *on our Indian problem. Mrs. Seymour, in the letter reproduced below, rebuts Mrs. Austin's reply to her article, and asks us to call attention to the fact that the Board of Indian Commissioners are non-political and unpaid, and that in many instances they constitute the severest critics of the Indian Office. "I'm glad to start the ball of discussion rolling," she adds, "even if I have to come in for some flaying in the course of the argument."*

Editor of THE FORUM:

With Mrs. Austin's attack upon me personally I need not concern myself. I am content to let my record and my writings speak for themselves. A knowledge of the purpose and history of the Board of Indian Commissioners would have saved the unfounded insinuation that its members are professional apologists for the Indian Bureau.

My article was not in any sense addressed to the "psychology, the racial capacity and cultural condition of the tribes"; hence laudation of the vanished culture of the Aztecs is quite apart from the question.

Mrs. Austin reads my entire article as if it related to the Pueblo Indians alone. This confusion of a part with the whole is the very error which I have been at great pains to meet. One of the great difficulties of the Indian problem is that of well-meaning friends of one particular group of Indians, who wish to read the story of that group into the lives of a hundred others of very different lives and needs.

Mrs. Austin complains that I mention the rich Indian. She ignores the fact that I discuss the poor Indian as well. It is necessary to know all the facts if a matter is to be presented justly. I have no thesis to argue, hold no brief for any person or institution, and am best pleased when all sides of the subject are presented.

The thing which I really characterized as "so mistaken as to be almost laughable" is the idea of "some deep and sinister influence" at work to harm the Indians. It is always easy to attribute our troubles to some mysterious "They" who stand in our way. Our Indian policy is the result of three forces: public opinion, sometimes bitterly prejudiced, sometimes sentimental, but in general uninformed and indifferent; legislation, which comes about often through the working of public sentiment, but oftener through the same lack of real acquaintance with the facts; and administrative action, which is subject to the drawbacks of delegated authority, highly restricted regulation, and the defects that seem inseparable from a government of checks and balances. Surely there are enough causes for evil in all these things without suspecting some malicious conspiracy.

I think Mr. Lindquist would be quick to protest against Mrs. Austin's application of statements which he makes about a single tribe to the Indians as a whole.

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This again, is the very misapprehension against which my article was meant to protest.

That the Pueblo situation is unique is a point I made more than once. Those who would like a more thorough discussion of the legal and historical background of the Pueblo questions might find of interest my article on "Land Titles in the Pueblo Indian Country" in the January issue of "The Journal of the American Bar Association."

With Mrs. Austin's concluding statement of aims no one can quarrel. Why not translate them into something concrete? FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR.

Chicago, Ill.

Spirit Communication

The editors regret that more space cannot be assigned to the flood of letters sent in by readers of THE FORUM'S *debate on Spirit Communication. Passages from a few representative letters are reproduced below:*

From the President of Howard University:

I may say very frankly I do believe in spirit communion with spirit. In fact, I know this is true, but when we attempt to get physical manifestation of such communion we are entering into the field of self-hypnotism. "Spirit with spirit can meet," but as far as my investigations have led me, and I have been a careful student and observer in this great field for many years, a physical manifestation of such communion of spirits has never yet been fully authenticated. Individuals have believed in it, but individuals have come under the spell of their own desires.

J. STANLEY DURKEE.

Washington, D. C.

From the author of many semi-scientific novels:

With regard to the bell-ringing, horn-blowing, fiddle-scraping, table-kicking, and boisterous singing performances of tight-bound mediums concealed in darkness behind a curtain, I am unable to see why anybody should mistake such antics for the doings of disembodied spirits trying to give us convincing evidence of their continued regard for old ties.

Neither am I disposed to accept the claim that fraud may coexist side by side with genuineness in these affairs. Some years ago, in company with a well-known New Yorker, now deceased, I had several very informing experiences with mediums, both professional and amateur, who pretended to act as intercommunicators between the dead and the living. The very significant fact was developed that while in every case I felt sure that there was fraud or deception, my friend as invariably thought the phenomena were genuine. It was simply a question of viewpoint. Real investigation was always forestalled by a pledge of "non-interference," based on the pretence that the "spirits" were so sensitive that they could not work except under their own conditions! Such a claim ought to be, itself, the very first subject of investigation. As such things are now conducted, the investigators are far more helplessly bound than is the medium behind the curtain. GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Tenafly, N. J.

From the daughter of Julia Ward Howe and the author of a distinguished auto-biography, just published:

While recognizing that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy, I have known of no incident that has shaken my firm conviction, that the intelligent persons who believe in so-called spirit communication are, as Professor Jastrow holds, "persuaded by their will to believe."

I myself was present with the late Frederick Myers of the London Society of Psychical Research, at a seance which to my keen youthful eyes was a coarse and patent sham, and heard him say, with my own ears, that the manifestation had been "a most convincing one." As Mr. Myers is always held up as the most scientific of observers, I have been little impressed by the testimony of other less distinguished persons. Not only am I convinced that the so-called messages from the dead are either frauds or illusions, but more, I feel the whole study to be dangerous, and often disastrous to the minds and characters of the investigators.

I have known noble intelligences wrecked, and others whose usefulness has been much impaired by the pursuit of this

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spirit communion. Could I believe in an active principle of evil in the universe, as many of my Catholic friends do, I should hold with them that the whole subject is black magic and of diabolic origin and influence. As it is, I always learn with pain and regret of my friends who have embraced this belief, for I have often observed that when they become too much absorbed in trying to communicate with their friends in the next world, they neglect their duties to their fellow men in this world.

I have often been told that I was "a natural medium" and a "true psychic" by believers, so I feel that my opinion may have more value than that of some people who scoff at all things they do not understand. Many strange things have happened to me that I cannot explain, but that the explanation exists, and is in accord with natural laws, I do not for one moment doubt.

MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT.

Newport, R. I.

From a member of the facualty of Lawrence College:

To Professor Jastrow, the "will to believe" is the Hamlet in the play of psychical research. The present writer's opinion is, that the most credulous and superstitious spiritualist cannot be more under the influence of the will to believe than Professor Jastrow seems to be under the influence of the will *not* to believe, in psychical matters. Confronted with an alleged supernormal fact, he says it is not supernormal at all, but produced, doubtless, by perfectly normal means; probably by fraud and trickery. Asked how such could be possible, given conditions of control like Dr. Geley's control of Kluski (see the "Scientific American" for November, 1923), he replies that he cannot explain *how* it would be possible, but it must have been. Why must it have been? Because such phenomena are produced only by fraud and trickery. How does he know they are? Why, because they are; that is the major premise of the reasoning.

That part of his argument which deserves the strongest condemnation, an argument which has appeared again and again in his published writings on the subject, is the assumption that the conclusions of psychical research, if correct, involve the contradiction and defiance of what we consider fundamental natural laws. It is most emphatically not true that we know all there is to know about the structure and behavior of the human body, or the relations existing between body and spirit. In every scientific field, new facts and relations are constantly being discovered which modify our previous ideas as to how things behave. But we do not feel that natural laws are upset thereby. We realize that other and less familiar natural laws are operating, under conditions we did not hitherto comprehend. In the psychical realm alone, it would appear, no such extension of knowledge or discovery of new natural laws is to be admitted as a possibility. The system is complete, forsooth; any new idea "upsets and defies" our present hypotheses.

The true psychical researcher, if he believes in anything, believes in the principle of continuity in the universe. All is obedient to law; some laws we are not as yet acquainted with. But the boundaries of knowledge are slowly widening, here as elsewhere. Patient and painstaking efforts are producing a body of evidence which cannot be ignored by serious, nor lightly brushed aside by candid, thinkers.

ARTHUR HAROLD WESTON.

Appleton, Wisconsin.

From a favorite authoress:

I not only "believe," but if I know anything, I know the reality of communications from the unseen. I am not a "spiritualist" (I am a churchwoman of Trinity, Episcopal, Parish here, but I believe and *know* much that the spiritualists hold, is true,—although I may believe in a somewhat different way. Of my twenty-eight books, five at least are distinctively occupied with experiences of intercourse with some who have withdrawn from the physical world. One, quite remarkable, I think, was from Kate Field and had to do with Dr. Bell's first introduction of a working model of the telephone, in London, in 1878. LILIAN WHITING.

Boston, Mass.

An Undeveloped Faculty

Editor of THE FORUM:

Why simply assume that telepathy must be a "supernormal" phenomenon?

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It has nothing to do with the finding of oracular passages in inaccessible books. Telepathy is communication, without the use of spoken or written words, between one living human mind and another living human mind. It occurs sometimes between individuals at a considerable distance from one another.

When we stop to think of just how much and how little we know of electricity; of air waves and ether waves; when we realize how many physical phenomena, comprehensible to our minds, are outside the realm of our vision and audition; and, finally, when we admit the tremendous part played by our emotions and our subconscious (and unconscious) minds in our "logical" thinking-processes, it seems to me an utterly rational step to assume that telepathy is a "natural" faculty.

The fact that telepathy is an undeveloped faculty of the human mind proves neither its fraudulency nor its supernaturalness. Nor are either of these proved by the fact that telepathic manifestations are not under our control as well as those of some of our other faculties: that we cannot tell when they will occur and that they often do occur without our conscious volition and in regard to comparatively unimportant things. On the other hand, telepathy often occurs in connection with matters that we call important (such as illness and death), and some human beings have succeeded in learning to control this faculty to a considerable extent.

I have never for a moment believed in "spirits" or spiritualistic phenomena. Indeed, I have, for what seemed to me excellent reasons, disbelieved. The positive proofs offered even by such men as von Schrenck-Notzing, Doyle, Flammarion seemed almost an insult to one's intelligence. But . . . what is there so amazing about the fact of thought transmission? And if we admit thought transmission, why should that prove that we remain hovering around tables and chairs for years after our death, reduced to the most primitive means of communicating trivialities to our "friends and families?"

Telepathy certainly deserves at least independent scientific investigation.

RITA MATTHIAS.

New York City.

"Foreign-Born"

A letter from a Klansman in the January FORUM *has prompted the following protest:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

As a naturalized citizen of United States, ex-soldier, protestant, Anglo-Saxon, descendant of valiant fighters for prostantism since the beginning of the reformation, it grieves me, that I am classified as the undesirable, the hated, the outcasted, the despised and ignorant foreigner in the thoughts and outbursts of the members of an organization called, in short, K. K. K.

It grieves me that my services as a soldier, in the late war, for America means nothing to them, because I carry the mark of Cain upon my forhead—foreign born.

But I am happy to realize, that I am in good company, for was my beloved countryman Jacob Riis, Roosevelt's bosom friend, not an alien was not the late Knute Nelson foreign born, and how about Steinmetz, Gompers, James Hill, Secretary of Labor Davis, Graham Bell and many, many more, were they not all foreign born, and did they not help to make America? How about the foreign born who went to war bled and died for America, are their dead bodies only to be regarded as so many insignificant carcasses, because their lives began outside America?

KNUTE MOE.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Democrats and Taxes

The following paragraph was received too late for insertion in Mr. Herbert C. Pell's article on "Taxing the Middle Class," which appeared in the March issue:

"The Republican tax bill designed to relieve the very rich has been introduced, after five years neglect, just before the presidential election. It will be kicked around in Congress by the party in control of both houses until just before the convention, when most of the big contributions to the party chest will have been made. It will then be passed with alterations making it substantially the Democratic bill; attempting thus to get the contributor by making a promise and the voter by breaking it. This is the plan; anyone can watch it being carried out."

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Our Duty To the Indians

A Symposium

Summarizing or quoting the views of a host of men and women in close touch with this problem, which was debated in the March issue of The Forum

"Something seems to be the matter with the Melting Pot when native copper refuses to fuse," comments Dr. Arthur C. Parker, State Archaeologist, of Albany. Ever since the publicity given to certain injustices suffered by the Pueblo Indians brought into the limelight the general condition of all Indians now remaining within our borders, public opinion has become increasingly articulate on this interesting and perplexing question. It is practically the unanimous opinion of those who are at all informed on the subject that lamentable injustices have been committed in the past, while views are divided concerning the present treatment meted out to these one-time lords of America, now wards of its government.

On the one hand it is maintained that the Indians are subjected to every form of exploitation and made the victims of mismanagement, lack of understanding, neglect, or pure graft; and on the other, that they are royally treated, given greater opportunities than the average white man, and are themselves entirely to blame if they do not enjoy happy, useful, contented lives. If a line were drawn between these two extremes, it is probable that the truth of the situation might be placed fairly near to its center. As Herbert J. Spinden says in the February issue of "The World's Work:" "The Bureau of Indian Affairs is constantly subjected to criticism. This must necessarily be true even if the Bureau was doing as well as it could, which it does not always do, because a Government bureau, working under rigid laws, must work with a good deal of inflexibility, and the governing and protecting of Indians, or of any dependent people, is a problem which calls for the greatest flexibility and human judgment."

The great volume of the letters on this subject received by the Editor reflect the view that our administration of Indian affairs, while well-intentioned in the main, is frequently inefficient in its results, and the opinions range all the way from downright condemnation of everything that has been or is now being done for the Indians, to the tolerant attitude of those who believe they are receiving the best care commensurate with the extremely complicated circumstances and that improvements are being and will continue to be made until some entirely satisfactory course is evolved.

Historic Wrongs

Since the actions and attitudes of today have their roots in the precedents supplied by the past, it is well to take history into consideration when a problem arises as complex as the one under discussion, and this most of the Editor's correspondents have not failed to do. One of the interesting letters laying particular stress on this phase of the subject is written by Mr. F. W. Hodge of New York City, ethnologist and author, who, in an attempt to make it clear whether or not we owe the Indian anything, sums up as follows: "When the present domain of the United States was first settled by white colonists, the Indians claimed every square mile of territory within its limits, claims that were well recognized between the tribes. By treaty or agreement, first by the colonists, then by the Union, the Indians were deprived of their lands by fair means

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or foul—usually foul—for the reason that, knowing nothing of individual ownership of land, they granted certain rights of occupancy to the strangers as a mark of friendship and hospitality, never conceiving that their lands would be occupied by the newcomers forever. In such compacts of friendship, gifts were usually exchanged, as in the case of the Indians of Manhattan who received certain baubles which the Dutch ignorantly regarded as payment for the Indians' birthright. . . . This was the policy also of the United States which entered into solemn treaties with the Indians, couched in the same technical language as that employed in negotiating treaties with foreign powers, which the Indians understood only when they awoke afterwards to find themselves either practically homeless or confined to restricted reservations on which, to use a Southwestern expression, the only crops they could raise were 'hell and an umbrella.'" Mr. Hodge goes on to show how the Indian was gradually turned from a self-dependent, self-respecting, healthy being to a disease-ridden ward of a well-meaning civilized government that fails in its guardianship through ignorance of "the psychology of the people whose affairs" it administers. He says, "The Indian asks no charity but he does demand a square deal in his almost hopeless way."

Another letter reflecting a similar viewpoint comes from Mr. M. I. McCreight, President of the Deposit National Bank of Du Bois, Pa., himself an adopted Indian (Tchanta-Tanka). Mr. McCreight is particularly interested in the Indians of the Northwest; his memories of them and the injustices they suffered at the hands of the white man, go back nearly forty years and he tells sympathetically of many injustices, some of which came under his own eyes. "One cannot read the charming story of George Catlin," he says, "who lived with the Crows, Mandans, Sioux, and Minatarees, before they were debauched by the whites, without a feeling of remorse and humiliation at the subsequent gruesome tale of their government subjection and civilization. Following the gold seeker and the trapper, came the hide-hunter, the gambler, and the speculator, with their close friend and associate the rum-trader,—pioneer of the campaign of demoralization and extermination that later came like an avalanche to blot out forever the homes and hunting grounds of the Red Man. From 1864 to 1924 is only sixty years, and there are still living, men who saw it all. The history of that period is only partly written. . . . When it has all been collected and printed, the winning of the West will be less enthusiastically boasted of by the white man."

Evils of Present System

Our worst sins against the Indian today, according to the majority of the Editor's correspondents, are the result of ignorance, inability to understand the Indian's psychology, and lack of desire to try to understand it. Mr. Bruno Lasker of New York, says: "Americans do not really trust democracy. Frequent protestations of their tolerance notwithstanding, they believe in their heart that this nation will be contaminated beyond possibility of cleansing if other cultures are permitted to live side by side with that of the Anglo-Saxon inheritance." It is for this reason that every attempt is made to "civilize" or else to segregate the Indian. "What we need," Mr. Lasker continues, "is a change of direction in the efforts on behalf of weaker races; more faith in the effectiveness of cooperation, less faith in that of dominion, less desire to graft upon a different stock ideals and conceptions far removed from its experience."

Mr. Alfred M. Tozzer, of Cambridge, Curator Middle American Archaeology, Peabody Museum, Harvard, while pointing out the difficulties of the problem, particularly when the Indians are considered *en bloc*, thinks: "They have received in general our care and protection only in so far as it has suited our convenience, politically, economically, and socially. I agree entirely with Mrs. Austin that inefficiency has marked the record of our Indian Bureau. This will continue so long as it continues in the hands of politics."

Mrs. Datus E. Myers, of San Diego, Calif., disagrees with Mrs. Seymour's assertion that the Indians "are our most favored class of people, being both our wards and our citizens," for, as Mrs. Myers understands it, "when an Indian

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becomes a citizen all restrictions are removed and he is no longer a *ward* of the government." She agrees, however, that "much less sentimentality is needed of the kind that 'gives them Christian embroidery' to do and would stop 'that heathen basket-weaving.' That gets them to do away with fire-places, their only means of ventilation, and gets them to use iron cook-stoves. That puts their children, as young as they can possibly be snatched away from their parents, in schools, as far removed as can be, and every racial instinct, feeling, teaching, love, obedience, language, tradition, as completely crushed out as civilized narrow-mindedness can crush it. That urges them to poke larger windows into their darkened houses to make them lighter, thereby letting in millions of flies, while they still know very little of sanitation. Let these things come, but in their own good time, when they can truly be desirable and not an added menace in their lives." Mrs. Myers points out that before the white man came, the Indians were a healthy, cleanly, moral people, that "social disease was unknown among the Pueblo Indians till they were taken to the Chicago World's Fair," that their own religions are the best for them, being suited to their temperament, that, indeed, "the Indians lived the teachings of Christ long before the white man came to teach of Christ."

Although Mr. L. V. McWhorter (Hemene Ka-wan: "Old Wolf") of Yakima, Washington, doubts whether he would be able to give his true "opinion re the Indian Departmental handling of its 'wards'" because "postal regulations are such as to bar the necessary language," he nevertheless sends an interesting account of the treatment afforded the Yakimas, in which tribe he is particularly interested. Mr. McWhorter is the author of articles and pamphlets setting forth the injustices done the Yakimas in robbing them, in one way or another, of land. He says in part: "From my personal observation, I feel justified in broadly stating that the Yakimas are not in any way being advanced as desirable citizens under the present regime. Their individual credit has been ruined by the manner in which their monies are handled by the Bureau. If an Indian wants goods, clothing, or provisions, he must buy on credit in case his rentals are not due, and when he wishes to pay at the time promised, he cannot get hold of his money from the Agency . . . red tape must first be measured out from an office three thousand miles away." He says there has not been an Agency physician on the Yakima reservation for years and objects to the Agency storing away "a complete sawmill and planing mill while hundreds of thousands of feet of timber is falling into decay on the mountain tribal lands and the tribesman paying enormous sums for greatly needed lumber wherewith to improve their lowly domiciles."

Segregation vs. Absorption

Opinion is greatly divided over the question of whether the Indian should be encouraged to preserve his individuality, traditions, arts, and customs, or be received into the melting pot. The majority prefer the former course, although many think it impracticable if not entirely impossible; while a few wish to see the Indian civilized, Christianized, and absorbed by his conquerors as quickly as may be.

A forceful expression of the former viewpoint comes from Mr. Mark Sullivan, of Washington, D. C., well-known editor and writer, who says: "The Indians, especially the Southwestern ones, in their devotion to their own arts and crafts, have something very precious which is a contrast with our system of production by factories. I think the Indian should be allowed to preserve these peculiar arts of his as well as his distinctive dress and distinctive customs. I hate to see the Indian, through the pressure of our civilization . . . become like some ordinary standardized person wearing Hart, Schaffner and Marx clothes, Cluett Peabody collars, and the like."

Mr. Fred M. Stein, of New York City, after criticising the Indian Bureau (excepting Secretary Work) which he characterizes as "a perfect example of red tape and resistance to change," expresses it as his opinion that: "The least we can give" the Indians "is justice, and justice means the best possible care of their physical and moral well-being. This can only be given after an unprejudiced study of what they need, by some one who has

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no office to hold nor axe to grind. When these needs are known, the Government should make adequate provision so that the Indians may keep themselves from starvation, keep healthy, and have an opportunity for such measure of prosperity as their own industry may procure for them, and preserve such customs and habits which have come down through the ages, thereby preventing the extinction of their interesting and picturesque civilization."

Mr. Arthur W. Page, Editor of "The World's Work," is rather skeptical regarding the results of either segregation or absorption. He does not agree with our "philosophy which endeavors to make the engine of an Indian mind run on a white track which it doesn't fit. Wrecks are inevitable." He says: "On the average I believe the Indian incompetent to take care of himself surrounded by white civilization. That being true I should prefer he didn't try to help take care of me by voting." Allowing the Indian to develop himself along his own lines "would logically necessitate leaving him to himself and getting out of his sight and reach,—which will not happen. What is left is a compromise wherein we, with mentalities out of joint with his, endeavor to develop him along his own lines which we will never wholly understand, at the same time injecting enough white religion, sanitation, morals, and schooling, not to mention free gifts, money, and rum, to make the experiment extremely difficult." Nevertheless, Mr. Page believes it our "most sacred obligation to take care of" the Indian.

On the other hand, Dr. David Starr Jordan, President Emeritus of Leland Stanford University, thinks that "the sooner the Indians can be received into the body of society as citizens and not as wards or paupers the better," although realizing there may be exceptions, for he adds: "The Pueblo Indians, the group I know best, have a civilization of their own worth keeping, and need only justice." In the main, Mr. Jordan supports Mrs. Austin.

Practically the same viewpoint is expressed at length in a sensible letter from Mr. Herbert Welsh of Philadelphia, President of the Indian Rights Association, who has given forty years of unpaid service to the civilization and Christianization of the North American Indians. He says: "I think the only sound and practical policy to pursue toward all our Indians . . . is to instruct them in the arts of civilization, and to teach them to speak the English language, so that at the earliest possible moment they may be able to mingle naturally with other Americans and become an integral part of the body politic. Any attempt to keep any of them as a separate and unchanged people for purposes of artistic or literary study or archeological observation, though the temptation to do so is strong and fascinating, is doomed to failure because it is contrary to the natural tendency of our best civilization." Mr. Welsh affirms that the Indian has been robbed and stands in danger of further depredations, and it is his opinion that he should be taught the Christian religion to aid him in the development "of that sort of personal character which will enable him to pass safely from the hunter and the warrior state to one in which he is able to maintain himself in competition with our intensive civilization."

Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott, of New York City, President of "The Outlook" Company, and Contributing Editor, also holds that the reservation system should be abolished and the Indian absorbed in our civilization.

An interesting point of view is expressed by Mrs. E. G. Eastman, of Northampton, Mass., who asserts: "Unfortunately, many of those who seek to conserve the old Indian thought as embodied in dances, ceremonials, and the like are in reality exploiting these matters for their own advantage, or at best for the benefit of strangers. Robbed of all dignity and sincerity by the consciousness of an audience, the native art and worship is prostituted to the level of a commercial venture."

Absorption is inevitable, according to Dr. Roy Lyman Wilbur, President of Leland Stanford University, "and plans for the future should be based upon retaining, if possible, the best qualities of the Indian."

Dr. Fayette Avery McKenzie, President of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., deplores the lack of a consistent policy with regard to the Indians. "Senti-

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mentalism, mistaken anthropology, and prejudice," he says, "have unwittingly combined to thwart the finer aspirations of our nation for the native people. I believe in the capacity of the Indian. I believe in his complete assimilation into our national life," although he realizes that "to transform a people by accelerated progress is a problem as difficult as it is complex and critical."

A fine sympathetic letter comes from Mr. Ralph Fletcher Seymour, of Chicago, well-known designer and publisher, who, after protesting against the wrongs the Indians have suffered and still suffer, sums up: "Undoubtedly in the future the race will become merged in our general life, but, inasmuch as they were here first and have not done worse by us than we by them, we should find ourselves broad-minded enough to allow them to do as they choose so long as it does not injure us, and we should fully second any serious proposals that they may make towards the development of their own life, the reasonable control of their own affairs, and the pursuit of their own happiness."

Practical Suggestions

Many of the letters contain interesting and practical suggestions for the improvement of the Indian's position. Perhaps the letter most briefly expressing the general viewpoint comes from Mr. Howard S. Gans, of New York, who, after pointing out the necessity for good faith in our dealings with the Indian's land and property rights, says that we should "respect the Indian's way of life,—even though it differs from our own,—insofar as it affects him and him alone . . . , that we should cultivate among ourselves the moral, aesthetic, historic, and cultural understanding that will induce us to recognize the values of his civilization for him, for us, and for the world; . . . extend to him according to his needs the life and health preserving agencies of the Government, even though it add to the national budget; . . . protect him from exploitation by preserving our right of Governmental guardianship over his property," and, finally "as a means to all these ends, reestablish Congressional control and abolish secret, autocratic government by the Bureau of Indian Affairs; compel it immediately to publish the reports that have been made with regard to its functioning, permit and foster a searching inquiry into its activities; require henceforth full publicity with respect to any Government activity whereby the Indians may be affected, with adequate opportunity for a public presentation of the views of the Indians themselves before action is taken."

Similar ideas are expressed by Mr. Christian F. Schuster, of Holyoke, Mass., and Miss Edith M. Dabb, of New York, Executive Secretary of the Indian Department of the National Y. W. C. A., but Miss Dabb would pursue separate policies with regard to the younger generation of Indians and their parents. The latter should be well taken care of and guarded from exploitation, but left to enjoy their conservative customs and ancient beliefs; whereas with the younger people, although they require equal consideration and study, "care should always be taken not to curtail their independence or inhibit their initiative, but rather to help them prepare for the day when guardianship shall be no longer necessary."

A plea for greater understanding of the Indian character comes from Mrs. Elizabeth Westgate, of Alameda, California; and one who wishes to remain nameless, a man who has spent thirty years among the Indians, desires more sincere study of the Indian on the part of those who are attempting to look after his affairs. He finds that the present system results in a vain attempt to "make white people out of them" and to "crowd 'civilization' into an Indian in one or two generations, that it has taken the white race several hundred to accomplish."

Others who wish to see an improvement in the handling of the Indian and his affairs, are: Mr. Henry Meimsoth, of Council, Idaho; Mrs. H. A. Atwood, of Riverside, California, Chairman of the Committee of Indian Welfare of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, of New York, Second Vice-Chairman of the Woman's Pro-League Council; Mr. B. G. Stillman, Mrs. Charles Soden, Mrs. Francis B. Thurber, Mr. George Foster Peabody, of New York; Miss Renée Prabar, the sculptor, who is interested in the Indian from the standpoint of the artist; Mr. Robert D. Bardwell, of Pittsfield, Mass.;

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Mr. Claus P. Jensen, of Goldfield, Nevada; and Mr. Will Irwin, of New York, who thinks, also, that the Indian should have a vote.

The Tolerant Attitude

Tolerance is suggested by the views of Lieutenant-General Nelson Appleton Miles, a noted veteran of the Civil War and many famous Indian campaigns, who is now 84 years old. The Indians have often received anything but a square deal, thinks General Miles, but on the other hand, much good of an educational nature has been accomplished. "The great work of reformation must be mainly through the youth of the different tribes," writes General Miles, and "as we are under obligation to support the tribes until they become self-sustaining, it is undoubtedly advisable to support the children of the Indians where they would be least expensive to the Government, and where they would be under the best influence."

That there is much to be said for both sides of this problem is the opinion of Mr. Dennison Wheelock, of Washington, D. C., himself an Indian, a practising attorney and member of the Bar of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. While agreeing with Mrs. Austin in many respects, he also believes that "the Indian Bureau should be given credit for being amazingly successful." He thinks a thorough analysis should be made of the situation in order that what is Caesar's may be fairly rendered unto Caesar.

Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt, of "The New York Times" Editorial Department, would like to see a greater display of tolerance on both sides, but particularly towards the Indians. He says: "Why not adopt a policy of civilization by tolerance, for a change? What reason have we to believe that Indians such as the Navajos or the Pueblos, for example, are better off, spiritually, ethically, or materially, for abandoning their tribal beliefs and traditions and taking our own? . . . Their moral code, much more intimately connected with their religious life than is ours, was well adapted to their needs. . . ."

Miss Blanche L. La Du, of St. Paul, Chairman of the State Board of Control, says, without going into detail, that constructive work is being done in that State with the aid of the Indian Bureau, that should result in bettered educational and sanitary conditions for the Indians.

A fair and thought-provoking point of view is expressed in a letter from Mr. S. B. L. Penrose, of Seattle, a member of the Committee of One Hundred, who writes: "I think that it is foolish to make extreme statements concerning the treatment of the Indian by the United States. I would neither say that the Indians are the most favored class of our people, nor that they have been the worst treated by the United States. The fact is that different Indian tribes have received different treatment and no generalizing can justly include them all. . . . Oftentimes individual Indian agents have been guilty of mismanagement, inefficiency, and corruption, but that is no reason for bringing indictment against all Indian agents."

The Missionary Viewpoint

The religion of our Indians comes in for as much discussion as all else connected with him and his affairs. Whether it is better both for the Indian and those of his white neighbors with whom he must come in contact to encourage him to retain his own religion, or gradually to educate him to the Christian faith and way of life, is the subject of hot argument.

Miss Julia Lathers, of New York City, and Mr. C. D. Vosburgh, of Cambridge, both object strongly to the Indian being deprived of his religion and customs. Mr. Vosburgh says: "As I understand the Pueblo problem, they simply want to be let alone to live as they have always lived, to have their own ceremonies and dances on their own lands, and they do not try to impose their customs and religion upon us, but the pin-head missionaries are now trying to stop their dances even."

We have the opposite point of view from Dr. G. E. E. Lindquist, Supervisor of Religious Education for the Federation of Protestant Activities, in Cooperation with the Joint Committee of Indian Missions. Dr. Lindquist writes, from Lawrence, Kansas, a long and interesting letter in which he attempts to show why he believes it best in the long run for the Indian to be Christianized and assimilated into the "Main Street of American Life," although he is not unmindful of the Red

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Man's contribution to the art and culture of this land. After recommending the gradual advance from wardship to citizenship, the suppression of disease, adequate educational opportunities, and so forth, Dr. Lindquist says: "The Indian of the old trail was a religious being. . . . He established relationship (with the unseen world) as he could through fasting and visions . . . certainly the best of the Indians' religious conceptions should be conserved. But to imagine that his religion was wholly responsible for his moral standards is an illusion. Christianity, therefore, with its emphasis on God as Father and Jesus Christ as Elder Brother, with its insistence on 'a fair chance for every man at every good thing' has an unmistakable appeal to the Indian."

Indian Bureau Not to Blame

Defense of the Indian Bureau comes from many sources. Mr. John Collier, of New York, Executive Secretary of the American Indian Defense Association, while believing there is vast room for improvement in the condition of the Indians, asserts that "The personnel of the Bureau of Indian Affairs is excellent when one bears in mind the discouragements of the service,—the inadequate pay, the lack of future, and the grotesque prohibitions against the personal initiative among its employees which the system imposes."

Mr. Warren King Moorehead, of Washington, a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, in the course of an able article, says: "It is the system itself which is at fault, and not the men and women, many of whom struggle and work under adverse conditions, most of whom really desire to help the Indians . . . They deserve our commendation, for positions in the Indian Office and field are as difficult and thankless 'jobs' as exist in the entire gamut of our governmental departments."

A similar opinion is held by Superintendent J. D. DeHuff, of the U. S. Indian School, Santa Fe, New Mexico, who thinks "the policy of the Government is a correct one" and "sufficiently elastic"; and by Superintendent J. D. Brown, of the U. S. Indian School, Phoenix, Arizona. Another interesting letter comes from Superintendent O. H. Lipps, of the Nez Percé Indian Agency, Fort Lapwau Idaho. Mr. Lipps writes: "I do not believe that any unprejudiced, fair-minded person who possesses a knowledge of the facts at first hand can justly charge the Indian Bureau with 'crass inefficiency.'"

Save Indians From Their Friends

"The Indian problem is obscured by smoke screens of politics and mists of romance," writes Dr. Herbert J. Spinden, distinguished anthropologist, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, whose article on "Ghosts" appears in this issue of The Forum. "The Bureau statistics are broadly disingenuous and the sentimental appreciations are often ingenuous. For the politician the Indian problem is how to get grass and trees off Indian land and coal and oil out from under it with the least cost and noise. The Indian lovers, are not of one aim. Some want to save the Indian's soul for the pleasures of the hereafter, some to save his body from the ravages of present disease and starvation, and some to save his oversoul, that is his very beautiful arts and ceremonies, from extinction." After pointing out that the Indian population is decreasing (with the exception of the Navajos), Mr. Spinden continues: "The statistical value of Indian property is $1,000,000,000, which at five per cent should yield $50,000,000 income if the central government were an efficient trustee. As a matter of fact the real income from this vast statistical wealth is very little. Most of the impressive sums quoted to show the Indians are rich, is not income but liquidation of capital. The tribal funds are based on the sale of excess lands in reservations at rates far lower than the turned-in valuation of allotted Indian lands. Yet in many places, as in Idaho, the Indians made poor selections of valley land because their homes were there, instead of keeping the wheat lands of the plateau. The income from it is not permanent and that from the cutting of forests is sheer destruction of capital. If the Government had wanted to do a businesslike job it would have administered the excess lands as school sections are administered. The other evils rising from the excessive zeal of missionaries calls for an essay on the blindness of virtue and the cruelty and intolerance of religious tyranny.

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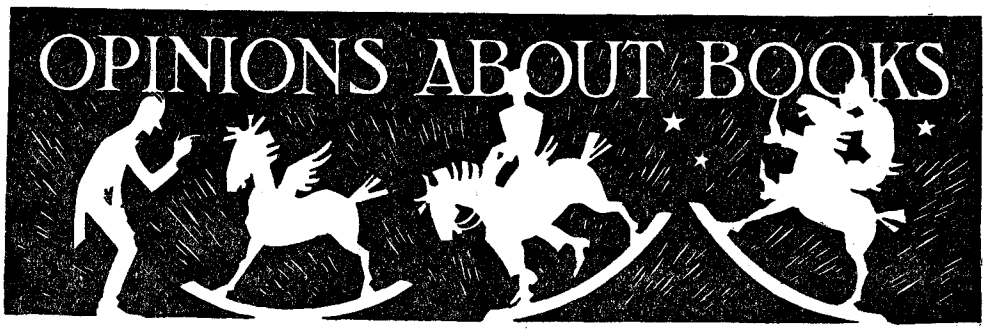

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of two cents a word. On the manuscript submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Manuscripts must be typed.*

Emma Goldman's Shock

Emma Goldman has always been a convinced anarchist, and yet with what energy she condemns and exposes the fallacy of the opinion that Bolsheviks are capable of ruling a country. With what indignation she speaks of the cruel tyranny of this monstrous Tchéka that kills all those who happen to find themselves in its bloody way. (MY DISILLUSIONMENT IN RUSSIA, Doubleday, Page, $1.50.) There is something more than personal indignation and revolt in this book, because we learn through it the opinions of sincere Revolutionists, such as Krapotkin and Maria Spiridonova, as well as of simple workers and intellectuals in the unfortunate country enslaved by the hideous travesty of a government that rules it.

What do they say, these people? "Bolshevism," according to Krapotkin, "is not a dictatorship of the Proletariat, but of a small group *over* the Proletariat."

Maria Spiridonova declares that "the trouble with the Bolsheviks is that they have no faith in the masses. They proclaimed themselves a proletarian party, but they refused to trust the workers."

And Korolenko, who is one of the greatest living Russian writers, goes even further, when he affirms "that at a time when the fullest expression and coordination of all intellectual and spiritual forces are necessary to reconstruct Russia, a gag has been placed upon the whole people."

But the most scathing remark overheard by Emma Goldman in regard to the Russian Revolution, came from the lips of a woman in the employ of the Bolsheviks. "The Russians," said this woman, "once believed that hovels and palaces were equally wrong, and should be abolished. It never occurred to them that the purpose of a revolution is merely to cause a transfer of possessions, to put the rich into the hovels and the poor into the palaces. It was not true that the workers got the palaces, they were only made to believe it was the case. In reality the masses remained where they had been before. But now they were no longer alone there, they were in the company of the classes they meant to destroy."

By way of conclusion to these various opinions, Emma Goldman, after careful study of conditions in Russia, acknowledges that the rule of the Bolsheviks is a hideous nightmare.

C. RADZIWILL.

New York City.

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The Plastic Age

Beyond doubt, Mr. Percy Marks has done more than merely teach in his many years as instructor in English at Dartmouth and Brown. In THE PLASTIC AGE (Century, $2.00) he has evidenced an extraordinarily observant interest in college life and thought. Mr. Marks has captured the college youth's vernacular for one thing; and he has besides caught his nonchalant attitude toward study and the studious. No one but one with his quiet subtlety would be able so to worm his way into the student's mental sanctum. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Marks has not the perfect expression necessary to set before the reading public those of the students' feelings which he discovered for himself.

Consequently, the book cannot be compared to *Main Street;* it has not *Main Street's* enthusiasm, nor is it as clear-cut as that famous novel. Mr. Marks has set out his characters nebulously and let the reader decide for himself what types they represent.

Though the college youths of America will devour the book avidly, very few of them will feel fairly dealt with. The "bull sessions"—midnight discussions—of the novel are too often treated with a certain lack of respect, with a touch here and there of uncontrollable irony, which in itself is not to be minded except that the irony seems to be too strongly tinged with laughter. Mr. Marks suggests his deprecation of them, and refuses to admit their usefulness. Naturally, the college boy is going to feel resentful, especially when he knows that if it were not for these "bull sessions" he would be as vaguely formed as the characters in Mr. Marks' book.

It is to be feared that these youths, in their resentment, will vote Percy Marks more truthful, perhaps, than Horatio Alger, Jr., but less interesting than Ralph Henry Barbour, and Mr. Marks' accuracy will be entirely lost.

L. J. TEITELBAUM.

Providence, R. I.

Tremendously Good

Arnold Bennett's RICEYMAN STEPS (Doran, $2.00) is good,—tremendously good, and I wish that I were a Big writer that I might have the privilege of reviewing it, not with gushing superlatives nor acrimonious stabs at whatever doesn't coincide with my own thought, but with the poise and balance which the book itself possesses.

Henry Earlforward, a miserly, middle-aged bookdealer, marries Violet Arb, a middle-aged widow, and the story of their life together is so quietly tragic, so tragically true, that, if I hadn't felt confident of the illuminating spirit of their servant Elsie, some portions of this book would have been dark indeed. But why say, "if," when there wouldn't have been any story without Elsie?

Perhaps *Riceyman Steps* may not be the greatest book Arnold Bennett has written, but where has he surpassed it in heartfelt understanding, in keen individualizing skill, revealing the fundamental qualities of each character by the merest trifles? His people are real, and we find ourselves leaning as heavily on Elsie to see us through each chapter of the book as did Violet and Henry and her lover, Joe, to see them through each chapter of their lives.

Mr. Bennett sees perfectly through Joe's eyes (as well as our own) when he says, "With his limited but imaginative intelligence, Joe did not see that Elsie was merely Elsie. He saw within the ill-fitting mourning a savior, a powerful protectress, a bright angel, a being different from and superior to, any other being. They were dumb and happy in the island of homeliness around which swirled the tide of dissolution and change."

To me there are no reservations. I think *Riceyman Steps* is a great book.

EDITH F. JOHNSON.

Auburndale, Mass.

Psychology and Divinity

Lectures delivered at the University of Geneva by a professor of psychology are the foundation of SOME ASPECTS OF THE LIFE OF JESUS, From the Psychological and Psycho-analytical Point of View, by Georges Berguer. (Translated by Eleanor and Von Wyck Brooks. Harcourt Brace, $3.50.) The author believes that the historical method of arriving at the truth about Jesus by a study of the sources has

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yielded all it can, and that a study of the gospels in the light of modern psychology yields fruitful supplementary results. Lest the word "psycho-analytic" in the title should arouse suspicions of blasphemy, it should be said that Monsieur Berguer's treatment of his great theme is marked by the utmost reverence.

"This life," he says, "constitutes, we are convinced, the point of departure and the most powerful force that has ever been given to human individuals to assist them in effecting the sublimation towards which they aspire. . . . The life of Jesus is an affirmation and a demonstration of the sublimation of the human instincts towards the divine. . . . Jesus, we may say, had discovered in the depths of himself what God was. . . . In receiving, in its plenitude, the influx of life *which made of him a human person*, it was natural for him to say 'Father.' This vital influx, this inner urge of energy . . . , which the psycho-analysts have named the *libido*, Schopenhauer the *will to live*, and Bergson the *elan vital*, Jesus felt, differently no doubt but in the same sense, as the *Father*." Monsieur Berguer's knowledge of psychology sheds suggestive light on the crises of Jesus' life,—his youthful experience in the Temple, his baptism and temptation, his transfiguration, his passion and death; on his teaching and miracles; and on the stories of his birth and resurrection which he treats from the point of view of the psychology of the early Christians.

This study, evidencing knowledge and reflective thought, contrasts refreshingly with the popular rhetoric of Papini.

HELEN D. WOODARD.
Wooster, Ohio.

Stimulating Disrespect

The man who is no respecter of persons is, for most of us, a fascinating character, especially when he wears his disrespect with an air; when he wears it with a sense of humor he is irresistible. Philip Guedalla is that man. He walks into the most august presence and bursts into hilarious laughter, not just to show that he is unawed by the presence or that he is a thoroughly modern young man, but because he is genuinely amused. He thinks, too, not all the time but often enough to strike a fair average, and he thinks originally. He has any amount of that agreeable quality,—which we must hasten to name once more before the excellent word becomes quite worn out by over use,—gusto. Also he writes crisply, easily, and with that skilful use of figures that is one of the higher and too little appreciated virtues.

"Having launched his wicked paradox, he tilted his hat and, seeing an epigram in the distance, strolled jauntily off up a side-issue, as an essayist should."

The American critics are "always trotting up and down the paths with an anxious eye and a basket full of the dangerous-looking instruments of literary horticulture, stopping every minute to bend over a bed of young novelists or tie up a drooping reputation, prodding the subsoil with an inquiring fork, or taking a selection of promising young plants into their own charming conservatory to tell them (from the lecture platform) just how they are growing."

If you care to meet the gentleman, read MASTERS AND MEN (Putnam's, $2.50). It is a collection of short essays, disquisitions, character sketches, of all sorts and conditions of people: ministers of state, novelists, "A Few Foreigners," Dean Inge, Mr. Chesterton, the Sidney Webbs. Unlike most collections of essays it will bear consecutive reading; you go through it with cumulating rather than decreasing joy. It will also bear reading aloud. You will probably find, when you think about it in the cool light of the next morning, that the number of ideas it contains is smaller than you had at first supposed, but after all—

MARGARET L. FARRAND.
Northampton, Mass.

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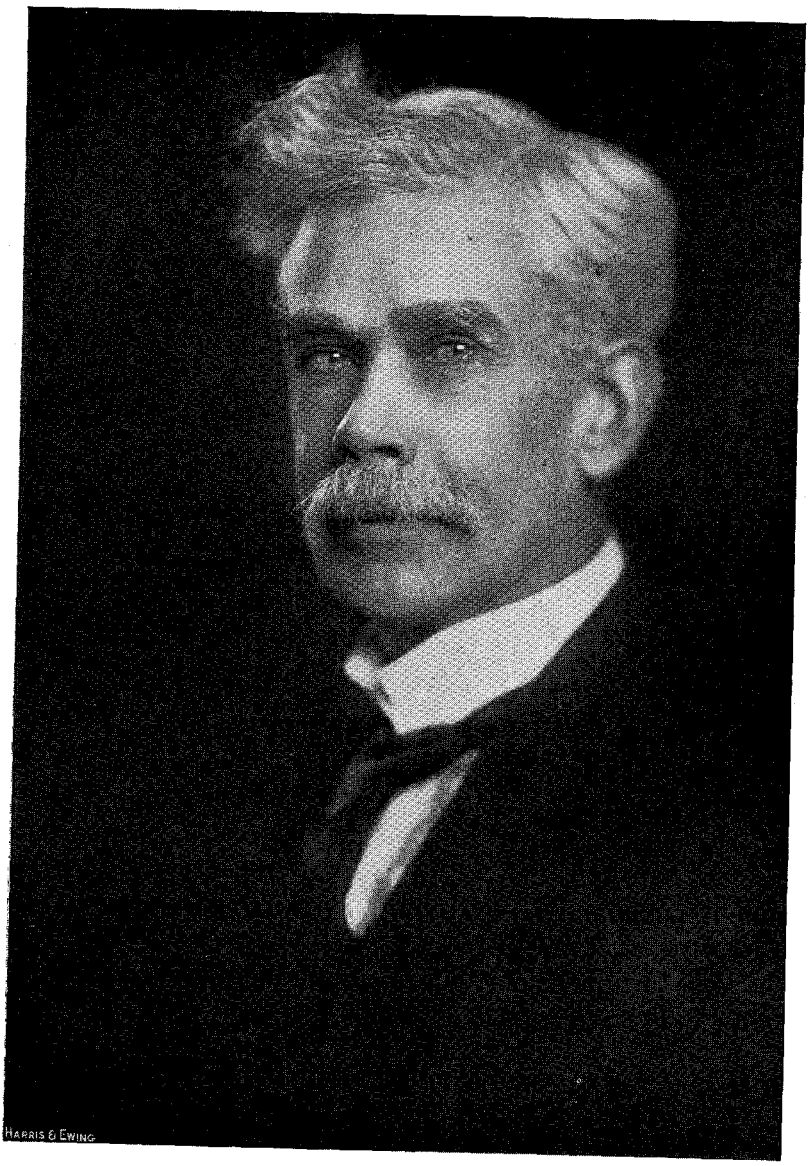

JACKSON HARVEY RALSTON

Who in this issue of THE FORUM *challenges the right of the Supreme Court to act as virtual ruler of the country*

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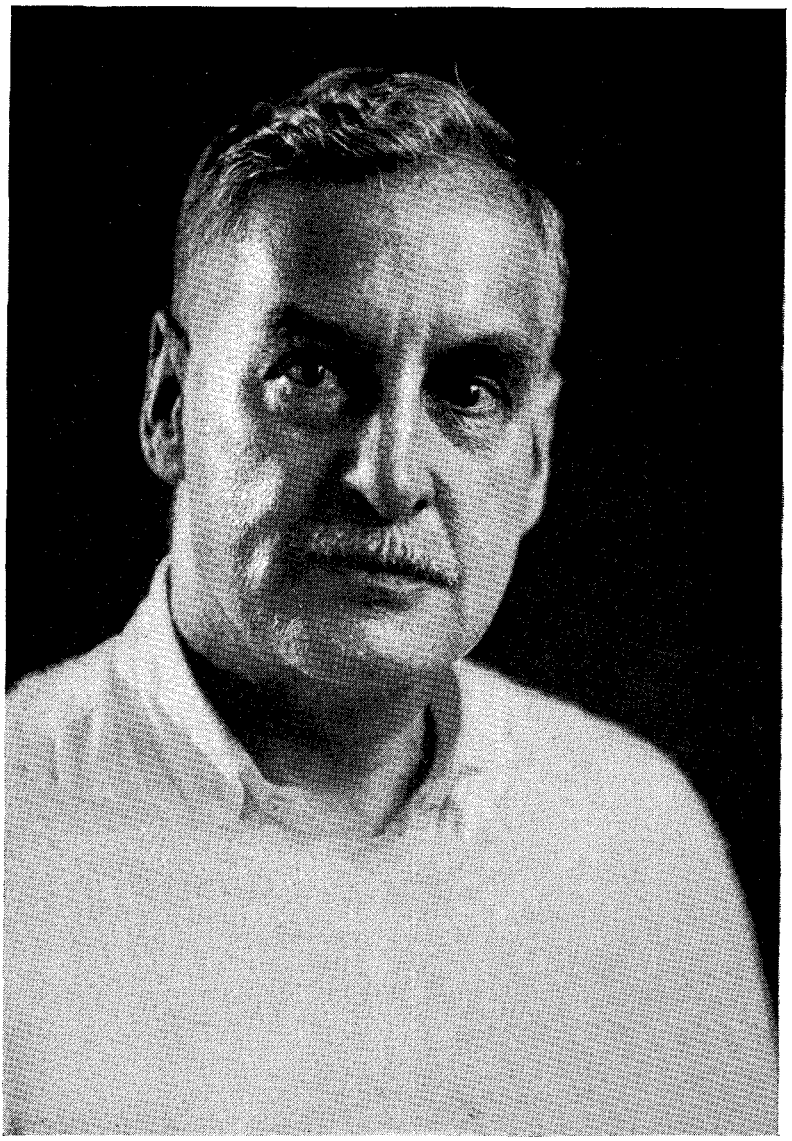

GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

Senator from Pennsylvania, who defends the Supreme Court and believes that it performs a necessary function as umpire

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